MUSICAL CROTCHETS.

FROM

DARKNESS

TO

LIGHT.

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MUSICAL CROTCHETS.

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DARKNESS

—TO—

LIGHT.

35

By

H. J. SCHONACKER.

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„Wohl magst Du fern die Schritte lenken–
Der Heimath auch vergessen gar,
Ein Herz wird Deiner stets gedenken—
Ein Herz so treu! Ein Herz so wahr!
Du Born der Lieb', o Mutterherz!
So treu, so stark, in Freud, in Schmerz!"

PREFACE.

That music has been created for a purpose no one will deny. Its special mission is to bring peace and good will on earth and make men and women better. If an effort to lessen the number of the world's unfortunates shall meet with some degree of success, the author will feel amply rewarded for this tribute to a pure woman, wife and mother, who has preceded him to her eternal rest.

In issuing a second edition of "Musical Crotchets," and adding a new title, I have deemed it just to offer a few explanatory remarks; it was after reading Mrs. Anna Agnew's book "From under the Cloud," in which she gives, in a straightforward manner, her experience of the loss of her mental powers, her treatment at the Insane Asylum and her final recovery.

The mental suffering which she endured can only be fully appreciated by one who has had a similar experience. I only regretted

one part of her book, where she blames the Almighty for all our suffering, and declares having lost faith in Him, or any person, and that she don't miss the absence of it.

It was for this reason that I resolved to offer my experience in the form of an Allegory in order to counteract the fallacy of her assertion. There is no love more sacred and enduring than that born of sorrow ; no friendships purer, no sympathies more sincere and deep. It is only through this channel that we obtain " Compassion's supreme strength and purest wisdom's power."

I am a firm believer in a God in whom we live, move and have our being. He is a merciful and loving Father and we are His children.

I remember only one instance when I corrected my daughter's disobedience to her mother. I shall never forget her astonished look and how she cried as if her little heart would break. She could not understand that it pained me a million times more in giving her a few slaps, and that the punishment was vastly greater to me than to her.

I believe that this principle exists with the

Father of us all, and that it pains Him infinitely more to punish us than it does ourselves. There was, also, one question which my daughter frequently asked, Why? which her mother, who was patience personified, as frequently answered.

Who has not been perplexed with such questions as, What is Truth? Why are there so many creeds? Why is Christianity divided into so many different warring sects?

I could wish a person no more terrible punishment than the torture which these questions have given me. When we have once thoroughly learned the lesson taught in the fourth chapter of Matthew, we have obtained a knowledge of the Truth—when we have learned to realize that anger, envy, indolence, intemperence, impurity, jealousy, pride, regret and vanity are only different forms of Insanity; and when we have once been cured by the Great Physician there is this difference, that we are not left without Hope.

Those who have had a true Christian experience can appreciate the benevolent influences which a United Christianity would exert. Until we Protestants unite in admit-

ting that Matrimony is a Divine ordinance from which there is no Divorce, and that no number of laws that we may enact will justify a man in ignoring and deserting his own offspring, the Roman Catholic Church will not have fulfilled her mission.

Until the Greek and Latin Churches learn to admit that God alone is Lord of the conscience, and that He alone can pardon our sins, and that the Power which has been so abused will never be peacefully restored to them, the Protestant Churches will not have fulfilled their mission.

Until intemperence ceases to exist among Christian nations, Mohammedanism will continue to flourish.

Until prostitution ceases to exist in Christian nations, Buddhism will endure.

Until professing Christians cease to be Mammon-worshipers, the Jews and Pagans will continue to prosper and enjoy the spectacle of seeing the Crucifix spit upon in our theatres, and the picture of "Ecce Homo" printed in the papers under the caption of "Amusements."

Until some of these reforms are effected I

can remain only a Christian musician and continue to plead for Christian Unity. It has been asserted that all music is pure, and that to the pure all things are pure and to the impure all things are impure. There is a vast difference between the music which is heard in a concert saloon or brothel and the music heard in a Music Hall, Church or Home. Music was never created for the purpose of sending men and women to destruction. Its special mission is to sweeten the bitterness of Duty, emancipate humanity from bondage and elevate them.

Buddha established a beautiful religion. There is nothing more natural than natural love. To a materialistic lover of Nature Buddhism is preferable to Christianity.

Paul Beauchamp representing Buddhism—flowers symbolize animate beauty—wedded to a model woman representing Christianity, symbolizes Buddhism mourning at the grave of Christianity.

Will this be the outgrowth of the struggle for the supremacy of creeds? I have faith in the ultimate triumph of Christianity. She will prove herself more magnanimous and God-like

than Buddha ever dreamed of in his philosophy. She will guard his tomb more faithfully than Mohammed's followers are guarding the tomb of our Savior.

Ernest Hirsch symbolizes Judaism converted to Christianity. I believe that eventually they will find their way through Gethsemane.

Hezekiah Clay—porcelain flowers symbolize inanimate beauty—is a representative of modern society who marry for money.

The source of more than half of the misery of the world is in the crowned heads of Europe. This world is too small for two such antagonistic forms of government, as Monarchy and Republic, to endure forever. I have faith in the ultimate triumph of United Republican Christianity.

H. J. SCHONACKER.

Indianapolis, May, 1888.

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MUSICAL CROTCHETS.

COUNTERPARTS.

NEAR the city of Chicago there is a little village known as Hazeldel, which numbers about nine hundred inhabitants. It was surveyed and laid out into small plats for country homes by a florist, Paul Beauchamp, through whose artistic taste and talent a wild and barren waste was metamorphosed into an immense flower-garden.

Paul inherited his natural inclination and love for flowers from his grandfather, a court-gardener to Napoleon Bonaparte; he lived in a little cottage at the outskirts of the village, surrounded by every conceivable variety of exotic plants, with his wife and two children, Amalie, a girl of four years, and Pip, whose real name was Clifford, but whom Amalie had more appropriately named Pip, a baby boy of two months. It was amusing to see Paul bestow nearly as much love on flowers as he gave his wife and children, but this can be

accounted for when we take into consideration his ardent admiration for Buddha and firm belief in the transmigration of souls. He had a pet name for every plant, would talk to them as if they possessed understanding, and reminded one more of a mother caressing her first-born than the manly, brawny, muscular Hercules that his appearance suggested. His outward appearance would suggest to the stranger only a large, healthy and strong farm hand; one principally occupied with horses and the plow. An innate lover of nature, one of his peculiarities was to get up at three o'clock during the early summer season, breathe the intoxicating ether and note the celestial panorama.

Toward the central portion of the village, in a more pretentious dwelling, lived Hezekiah Clay. Mr. Clay was employed as salesman in a queensware establishment in Chicago. He formerly lived in New York, came West, made the acquaintance of an heiress, married and became one of the shining lights of the village. In appearance Hezekiah was the exact counterpart of Paul. Of slender and graceful form and regular features, Hezekiah

patronized the most fashionable tailor, and altogether presented a handsome appearance. An enthusiastic admirer of the classics, he early in life arrived at the conclusion that "knowledge is power." He held peculiar views regarding commerce; was of the opinion that if you have but one pig to sell to force your way to the middle of the market. To a certain extent he was successful. It was known, however, that he did not live very harmoniously with his wife. On one occasion, preparing for a party, his wife decorated him with a buttonhole bouquet, which he furiously tore from his bosom, threw it to the ground and stamping the insensible love-token under his feet, declared in tragic tones not excelled by Salvini, that he was no woman. She, with true christian fortitude, bore patiently his idiosyncracies.

It is, therefore, not surprising that two such natures as Paul and Hezekiah could be anything but antagonistic. Paul could not understand why his inherited occupation should be crushed by the caprice of an intolerant tyrant; there was nothing that he understood and loved so well as flowers, and as long as

there were enough men and women who would merely give him the bare necessities of life for himself and family, he was determined to continue life as a florist.

A SUBURBAN PARTY.

IN the early part of October the village of Hazeldel was in a flutter of excitement in anticipation of a party to be given at the residence of the Hon. Esau Cain, a retired merchant. Mr. Cain served two terms in the State Legislature, and thus legally acquired the title of Honorable.

The novelty of the entertainment was the triple celebration of the anniversary of his marriage, the birth of his daughter Rosamond, and her debut into society, she being just of age.

The Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain made every preparation to make the affair prove to be the event of the season. A band of music was engaged, the house illumined from attic to cellar, and festoons of Chinese lanterns lighted the way for the approaching guests.

Miss Rosamond Cain, a brunette of tall and graceful figure, presented a most charming appearance in her exquisite dress from Worth's. She but recently returned from

the central part of Ohio, where she graduated with honors at a seminary for young ladies.

The Hon. Mr. Esau Cain, the Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain, and their daughter, Miss Rosamond, were stationed near the door and received their guests in a right regal manner.

Prominent among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hezekiah Clay, Dr. and Mrs. Archibal Granger, Mr. Enoch Chase, a wealthy farmer, Mrs. Aramintha Chase, Miss Eleanore Chase, their daughter; Domine Dinkskirchen, the village parson; Ernest Hirsch, a recluse; Alfred Marquette, a gentleman of leisure; Mr. Nicholas Meloman, a distinguished pianist and composer from Chicago, who but recently arrived from St. Petersburg, Russia; and Mr. Eugene Fairbottom, a noted elocutionist and lecturer on topics of beauty, from London, England. Mr. Eugene Fairbottom proved himself to be the lion of the evening; he advocated reform in dress—found a number who approved of his views, but did not have the courage or independence to adopt them. After he had recited, in a most pathetic manner, "Bingen on the Rhine," Miss Rosamond requested Mr. Charles Meloman to favor

them with some music. Mr. Meloman selected Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," being under the impression that he was in the society of American connoisseurs.

Domine Dinkskirchen now approached the piano and requested Mr. Meloman to play a jig.

For a moment Mr. Meloman felt confused, felt as if he had touched the wrong end of a galvanic battery, instead of the keys of a responsive piano; but being naturally of an obliging disposition, he began playing a very lively jig; after which he asked the Domine if he recognized the tune, and was answered in the negative. Mr. Meloman then, in a most fascinating manner, requested the Domine to listen very attentively and try to ascertain if he had ever heard the jig before—now gradually retarding the tempo until changing from an allegro to an adagio, the familiar tune of "Old Hundred" was recognized.

The Domine took occasion just then to go into the library, where Ernest Hirsch was amusing himself with Darwin's Descent of Man.

Alfred Marquette nearly exploded with sup-

pressed laughter, and, to change the subject, requested Miss Rosamond to favor them with a song. Miss Rosamond, however, preferred singing in a duet, and as Alfred possessed a very agreeable baritone, they selected Abt's "What Makes the Spring."

After the first verse, they found themselves surrounded by all the guests. The Domine returned; even Ernest Hirsch dropped his Darwin, yielding to an indescribable inward yearning to be nearer the place from whence those ravishing strains emanated.

The Hon. Mr. Esau Cain, and especially the Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain, presented a picture of paternal and maternal pride worthy the brush of Henry Mosler.

The duet was a success. There are times and conditions and places when a simple strain of music, well rendered, makes an indelible impression upon the memory; at least so thought Mr. Ernest Hirsch when contemplating the face of Miss Eleanore Chase beaming with rapturous joy and seeming to reflect his most inward emotion.

Miss Rosamond rose from the piano and approaching Miss Eleanore, succeeded in per-

suading her with a few earnest solicitations to also favor them with some vocal music. To this request Miss Eleanore responded in a very creditable manner with "Sweet the Angelus."

The little pleasantry between Mr. Meloman and the Domine won for the musician an ardent friend and admirer in Dr. Archibald Granger, who quietly took in the situation, although he gave no outward sign, as he held his profession in such high esteem, and his sense of propriety forbade him to make himself appear rude or ridiculous; he found himself, however, planning some method by which to induce Mr. Meloman to be at least part of the time in Hazeldel.

A COUNTRY HOME.

MR. ENOCH CHASE lived about four miles from Hazeldel in a palatial mansion. Mrs. Aramintha Chase was a great admirer of Doric architecture and had succeeded in persuading her husband to adopt her plan when building. It was owing to this fact that their residence, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have presented the appearance of a comfortable farm-house, reminded one very forcibly of a miniature United States mint.

The avenue leading to their home was lined on each side for fully a mile with maple trees and Lombardy poplars, forming in some places a complete arch.

Their farm, consisting of three hundred acres of the most fertile and rich soil, was provided with all the modern improvements.

Mr. Chase was an ardent lover of art and literature; thoroughly American in his interests and feelings and a self-made man. Years ago he arrived at Chicago with fifty cents in money and a small bundle of wearing apparel.

This was the extent of his earthly possessions. He walked all the way from Kalamazoo, Michigan, as he did not have enough money to pay his fare. After thoroughly canvassing the city for several days in search of employment he finally found a situation in a tin shop. Here, through the faithful discharge of his duties and close economy, he accumulated sufficient means to purchase his employer's interest, who had for some time given more attention to drinking than to business.

Becoming tired of city life and hearing of a desirable farm which was advertised for sale, Mr. Chase bought his present homestead. It was then two years since he married the eldest daughter of his former employer.

At the farm for the first two years he worked as hard as any of his farm hands. Mrs. Chase proved herself a good wife and helpmate. She, however, took a secret delight on some occasions in reminding her husband of the fact that he had at one time been one of her father's workmen. She could not understand why her husband should give so much attention to books. She believed books were only intended for professional men.

Mr. Chase conducted his farm on scientific principles. What he did not know about farming was not worth knowing. Twenty acres of his farm, formerly considered worthless land, he converted into a thriving peach orchard.

Miss Eleanore was their only child. She was the idol of her parents. Her father was deeply devoted to her, and resolved to give her every opportunity for mental, moral and social advancement. Eleanore was one of those delicate, affectionate and sensitive creatures that require sunshine and pure air in abundance. Had her parents remained in the city and attempted to bring her up like a hot-house plant, it is doubtful if they would have succeeded.

As a bareback rider, little Eleanore was not excelled. She would go into the pasture holding a large piece of sugar, call Rozinante, whose pedigree could be traced to the early days of Kentucky, and after permitting him to eat the sugar from her little hand, she would suddenly mount and then ride over the country like a wild Indian over the plain. She was also fond of climbing trees, but one of her

most healthful recreations was to join a number of neighboring farmers' children and amuse herself by the hour making mud pies, and then proceed to a sand pile where they would place them to be baked in the sun.

Her favorite occupation during these happy childhood days was the care of chickens. Two little chicks, who were deserted by their mother, became especial objects of her love and sympathy. Had the old hen been capable of understanding the scorching rebuke that this young child expressed, she would have returned and clucked for the little ones to come under her wings.

At the age of thirteen Eleanore was sent to a young ladies' seminary at Philadelphia. Her parents gave her sufficient instruction at home, so that she was fully as far advanced as girls of her age generally are. She graduated and won especial distinction in the studies of history, botany and the French and German languages.

Returning home, her parents, with a view of finishing her education and furnishing their new home, took her abroad. In Brussels they purchased their carpets, oil paintings in

Dresden, grand piano in Paris, books in London, ornaments in China and Turkey, and stereoscopic views in Switzerland.

While at Dresden they became acquainted with Mr. Albert Rosenbusch, a naturalized German-American, from St. Louis, Missouri. Mr. Rosenbusch was engaged in the fur trade, and returned to Dresden to visit his widowed mother, who was living at her brother's home.

Mr. Rosenbusch, from force of habit, visited the different hotels nearly every evening. It happened that one evening at the "Artists' Home," while looking at the register, he noticed among the arrivals the names of Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Chase, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

Mr. Rosenbusch, through years of experience as a commercial tourist, did not regard introductions as a necessity, and immediately asked the clerk if Mr. Chase was in. The clerk pointed toward the veranda, where an elderly gentleman, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, was seated in an arm-chair, smoking a cigar.

Mr. Rosenbusch was soon at his side and remarked:

"I beg pardon, sir, but I understand that this is Mr. Enoch Chase, of Chicago, Ill."

"Yes, sir! but I have no recollection of ever seeing you, sir!"

"Permit me to present you with one of my cards.'

"Albert Rosenbusch, St. Louis, Mo. Happy to meet you, sir. Glad to see some one from my own country. Smoke?—"

"Don't mind if I do. I am here for a short time on a little visit to some of my relatives. I was born here, but went to America when a mere boy, with an uncle who lives at St. Louis. When old enough I became naturalized, and now, though born here, feel as if I were in a foreign country. Have been traveling for some years for my uncle, who is engaged in the fur trade, and have hopes of being admitted, on my return to St. Louis, as the junior member of the firm. I frequently go to Chicago. What business are you engaged in, and in what part of the city do you live?"

Mr. Chase now removed his feet from a chair on which they were resting and tendered it to Mr. Rosenbusch. He drew Mr.

R.'s attention to the fact that his cigar had gone out and handed him another match. Mr. Rosenbusch expressed thanks and relit his cigar. Mr. Chase then continued:

"I live twenty-five miles from Chicago, but it is only a question of a little time, sir—a little time—when the city of Chicago will be three hundred miles in length by two hundred miles in breadth. It is destined to become the largest city in the world, sir—in the world, sir. What is your opinion of Seward?"

"I don't exactly catch on, and can not see any connection between Mr. Seward and Chicago."

"There is none. I only wanted to draw your attention to Mr. Seward's diplomatic achievement. I had in mind his purchase of Alaska. I thought it would be to your interest to be posted in matters relating to the fur trade."

"I am certainly very much obliged to you, and if you will excuse me, I will be pleased to meet you again. I have an engagement to fulfill."

"Will you do me the honor to dine with me to-morrow, sir?"

"I shall only be too happy to accept your hospitality. Good night, sir!"

"Good night, sir!"

The following morning Mr. Rosenbusch hastened to the public library to inform himself regarding the history of Alaska; he read with the most concentrated attention and reflected in amazement at the vastness of the territory and of its possible future. "From its extreme north to south it is 1,400 miles in an air line, or as far as from Maine to Florida, and from its eastern boundary to the end of the Aleutian islands, 2,200 miles on an air line, or as far as from Washington to our western frontier. The island of Attu and the end of the Aleutian chain, is as far west of San Francisco as Maine is east, so that between the extreme eastern and western sections of the United States San Francisco is the great central city. Or, take another basis of comparison: Alaska is as large as all New England and the Middle States, together with Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee combined, or as large as all the United States east of the Mississippi river and north of Georgia and the

Carolinas, or nearly one-sixth of the entire area of the United States. It has a coast line of 18,211 miles, or nearly twice as much as the Atlantic and Pacific coast lines of the remaining portions of the United States. The total area of territory is 578,000 square miles. It was purchased from Russia by the United States in 1868 for $7,500,000, and the name of Alaska, which was previously restricted to the peninsula west of the Aleutian islands, has been extended to the former Russian America. The islands reach an elevation of about 4,000 feet and are covered with a dense growth of large timber. Spruce and yellow cedar trees, four to six feet in diameter and one hundred and eighty feet in height, are found throughout these regions. The principal commercial value consists of its seal fisheries, of which product six million dollars worth are annually exported, and there is every reason to believe that it will some day surpass California, Montana and Arizona as a gold and silver producing country. The climate in the southern portion is moderate, the thermometer never falling below 31° in January or rising above 58° in August. The population consists of

430 Russians, 2 foreigners, 1,926 creoles, 5,800 Koloshian or genuine North American Indians, and about 2,500 Esquimaux. Numerous other tribes of Indians inhabit the interior of the territory. The Aleuts resemble more the Chinese or Japanese than the North American Indian. They are docile, honest, industrious and very ingenious; the women of Unalaska have always been noted for the beauty and variety of their needle-work. Alaska is the region of the highest mountain peaks in the United States. The coast range of California and the mountain range of Colorado and Montana unite to form the Alaska mountains. This range, instead of continuing northward to the Arctic ocean, as the old atlases represent, turns to the southward at the upper ramparts of the Yukon, extends through and forms the Alaska peninsula, and then gradually sinks into the Pacific ocean, leaving only the highest peaks visible above the water. These peaks form the Aleutian chain of islands. The islands decrease in size, height and frequency as the mountain range sinks into the ocean. Unimak, the most eastern of the chain, has that magnificent volcano,

Shishaldin, 9,000 feet high; then Unalaska, 5,961 feet; next Atka, 4,852 feet. There is also a glacial region. From Bute inlet to Unimak pass nearly every deep gulch has its deep glacier, some of which are vastly greater and grander than any glacier of the Alps. On Lynn canal is a glacier computed to be 1,200 feet thick at the "snout" or lower projection. Alaska is covered with hot and mineral springs, and its varying climate makes a resort for certain invalids. Some of the springs are already noted for their curative qualities. There are sulphur springs, boiling springs, and all kinds of springs. The boiling springs have long been used by the natives for cooking purposes. A lake strongly impregnated with nitre is found on Beaver island. There are more miles of navigable rivers in Alaska than in any other portion of the United States. There are immense valleys where crops may be raised; coal and lead mines, and it will not be many years hence when Alaska will have railroad connection with Florida."

Mr. Rosenbusch, fortified with this information, now proceeded to the "Artist's Home." He found Mr. Chase at the office awaiting

him. Adjourning to the ladies parlor, Albert was introduced to Mrs. Chase and Miss Eleanore. Mrs. Chase received him very cordially, extending her hand and assuring him that it was a most delightful pleasure to meet some one from America. Miss Eleanore simply bowed. Mr. Chase now suggested to descend to the dining-room, and when, during the dinner hour, the subject of Alaska was again referred to by Mr. Chase, Mr. Rosenbusch felt that he was not quite so great an ignoramus as he had been the preceding day.

Mrs. Chase expressed her opinion that it would have been better if, instead of Alaska, the United States had purchased Canada, while Miss Eleanore would have preferred to have seen Mexico annexed.

Mr. Chase, however, approved of Mr. Seward's wisdom; advocated the purchase of the whole of British North America; predicted that the future rulers of America would come from the North, where the climate is more invigorating and conducive to long life and manly strength. He had a poor opinion of the emasculated dreamers of the tropics.

Miss Eleanore defended her preference by arguing that the rule of brute force was one of the exploded theories of the past, and according to her view it was not beneath the dignity of a man to be an ardent lover of flowers, music and the fine arts.

Mr. Rosenbusch concurred with Miss Eleanore, and added that as a source from which to obtain the commodity in which he was dealing, Mr. Seward had proved himself a wise statesman in effecting the purchase of Alaska.

The following day Mr. and Mrs. Chase and daughter started for home. Arriving at New York they purchased their furniture, leaving only a few minor details to be bought in Chicago.

Shortly after their return from Europe, Miss Eleanore was seated in the library at their country home, reading Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies, when she was suddenly interrupted by Bridget coming into the room with a card bearing this inscription:

ROMEO HOPSING,

Piano Tuner,

CHICAGO, ILL.

which she handed to Miss Eleanore and at the same time, in her Irish accent and brogue, remarking:

"An' shure, mum, there is a man outside, who gave me this bit of paper and told me to be so koind as to give it to yees. An' faith, he looks more loike a Spanish duke than a pedler wid his satchel. I told him that we didn't want to buy anything, when he says to me, says he, that he hadn't anything to sell."

"Of course not; he came to tune the piano. Tell him to come in."

Miss Eleanore conducted Mr. Hopsing into the parlor and requested him to tune the piano to the "dee-ah-pah-son" pitch.

"You mean the French pitch. I should judge from the manner in which you pronounced the word 'diapason' that you had been in Paris."

"Oh, yes, I am continually making these blunders."

Mr. Hopsing found the piano badly out of tune. Nearly one-third of the keys failed to respond to the touch. As he was taking out the action, Bridget came into the room and announced Mr. Albert Rosenbusch.

Mr. Rosenbusch gave as a double reason for calling, Mrs. Chase's very cordial invitation, and the fact that he had some business matters to attend to in Chicago, and, being so near, concluded to just drop over. Presently he noticed Mr. Hopsing in the rear parlor, almost hid from view. He then began to speak German.

Mr. Hopsing was opposed on principle to eavesdropping, but here he was placed in a position in which he could not help feeling guilty, to a certain extent, as he thoroughly understood the German language.

Mr. Rosenbusch became possessed with the strange hallucination that Miss Eleanore had given him sufficient reason to believe that she thought a great deal of him. Miss Eleanore endeavored to convince him that she gave him no reason to believe that she cared for him more than a friend.

Mr. Hopsing now began playing the latest sentimental love song. Nothing could have pleased Miss Eleanore any better than discontinuing a conversation which was distasteful to her. So, approaching the piano, she asked Mr. Hopsing the name of that beautiful piece.

Mr. Hopsing replied that it was a cavatina from the opera of Romeo and Juliet.

Miss Eleanore again expressed her admiration for the music, but doubtingly asked Mr. Hopsing if he spoke German, to which he regretfully replied "No."

Mr. Hopsing simply lied and he knew it; but he consoled himself with the thought that there are instances when by speaking the truth you thereby cause pain, or even mortification—that you were justified in avoiding it.

Miss Eleanore was not satisfied with this answer, as she detected a slight foreign accent in one or two words, and now asked Mr. Hopsing if he spoke French, to which he replied, "Oui, Mademoiselle."

Mr. Hopsing then continued the conversation in French, and finally assured Miss Eleanore that she was perfectly excusable for pronouncing the word "diapason" with a French accent, as she proved herself to be thoroughly conversant with the language.

"Who is considered the best piano teacher in Chicago?"

"We have a number of excellent teachers."

"Who do you prefer?"

"Mr. Nicholas Meloman."

"Oh, yes, I remember hearing him at Mr. Cain's, a short time ago."

"Adieu, Mademoiselle."

"Adieu, Monsieur."

Bridget just happened to be passing in the hall when Mr. Hopsing left. When she opened the door and Romeo was about to leave, he addressed her in her native tongue:

"Colleen bra, law jess! bannocht ladd!" and before Bridget had time to recover from her surprise, Romeo had mounted his horse and was on his way to Joliet.

Bridget rushed into the parlor and informed Miss Eleanore that "the Spanish duke was a rale Irishman—that he spoke the purtiest words to her in rale Irish. The illigant gintleman—for a shure enough gintleman he musht be—he had told her that she was a pretty girl, and that we had a fine day, and then he bid me good bye and was off in a jiffy."

Miss Eleanore laughingly remarked that it would not surprise her if Bridget's illigant Spanish Irishman would turn out to be an Italian Turk.

A CITY TRIO.

IN the central part of the city of Chicago there was a large building, the upper stories of which were furnished as sleeping apartments for young men. The rooms, with the exception of a few hall bed-rooms, were large and commodious, being twenty feet in breadth by thirty-five feet in length. The building was originally occupied by a firm that conducted a large notion business, when, after failing, the owner of the property concluded to rent only the lower floor for store purposes, and to furnish the upper floors as sleeping rooms.

The large rooms were all provided with two complete sets of furniture, and were mostly occupied by four young men. Altogether there were about forty occupants in the building.

One of these rooms on the fourth floor was occupied by three young men: Theodore Snap, a young attorney, Alexander Wildwood, a journalist, and Romeo Hopsing.

Each one of this trio contributed something

toward beautifying the room and making it cozy and homelike. Theodore furnished the pictures, Alexander gave the lace curtains and lambrequins, while Romeo contributed a piano.

When Mr. Hopsing returned to his room he found Alexander Wildwood seated at a table writing and Theodore Snap reclining on the sofa reading the evening paper. Romeo on entering the room burst out laughing.

Theodore put away his paper and sitting up inquired in amazement:

"What in the world is up now?"

"I have a good joke to tell," answered Romeo.

Alexander gruffly requested Romeo to keep it or wait until he got through with his article and—

"Article be hanged, old Socrates!" interrupted Romeo.

Theodore now requested Romeo to pay no attention to the old brute and begged him to tell the joke.

Romeo then narrated the little deception he had practiced on Mr. Rosenbusch and Miss Chase. He described Mr. Rosenbusch seated on the sofa a picture of abject misery and dis-

tress, when just as he was about to vomit up his sick existence, he discovered Romeo in the rear parlor, then recovering himself began another subject in the German language, and was again betraying evidences of feeling ill when Romeo attracted the attention of Miss Chase by playing a new love song. Romeo then gave a life-like description of Miss Chase, how his performance of the new love song had liberated her from a distasteful subject; how she had doubtingly asked him if he spoke German; how he felt compelled to lie, and how he reassured the young lady through his knowledge of the French language.

Theodore yelled with laughter.

The sedate Mr. Wildwood stopped writing and inquired of Romeo:

"What right had the idiot to imagine that the young lady cared anything for him?"

"That is what I could not understand," replied Romeo. "I think that he felt that he had made himself solid with the old lady and presumed upon his having met her in Europe."

Romeo then narrated another experience with a wealthy young lady who had the misfortune to be a hunchback and presume upon

her wealth. Her overtures, and his returning her advances by introducing to her a wealthy merchant who also had the misfortune to be a hunchback, and who boasted that his wealth would procure for him any woman in christendom.

Theodore Snap, in a tone expressive of a tinge of envy, allowed that piano tuners must have oceans of fun and opportunities, and as if meaning it, said:

"I wish I was a piano tuner."

"It is a fortunate thing that you are not, with your Don Juan proclivities," sarcastically remarked the sedate Mr. Wildwood.

Romeo implored Mr. Wildwood to not be so severe.

An idea seemed to have struck Theodore Snap, and laughingly turning to Romeo, he asked:

"Romeo, why don't you enter the race for the young lady's hand?"

"Why, you know —

"Nonsense! If it were not for music and art, this world would be little better than a pig-sty."

"What is there to hinder you from making the attempt?"

"Yes," added Mr. Wildwood, "or giving you an opportunity of going to St. Louis and purchase a fur cap from Mr. Rosenbusch?"

"Never mind, Snappy," consolingly remarked Romeo; "some day you will develop into a Gammon, and eventually prove yourself a successful Quirk."

"And then, Romeo, you will regret that you did not take my advice."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a knock on the door. Mr. Hopsing, being nearest, answered the summons. He admitted Mr. Nicholas Meloman, and greeted him with a hearty "good evening."

Mr. Meloman replied in French: "Bon soir, mon cher ami."

"You have met Mr. Wildwood."

"Oui, comment vous portes vous Monsieur Alexander?"

Romeo now introduced Mr. Meloman to Theodore Snap, continuing to speak English. It was unnecessary to request Mr. Meloman to abstain from speaking French; he knew that Mr. Wildwood and Mr. Hopsing both spoke the language, and took it for granted that Mr. Snap also spoke French.

Mr. Meloman assured Mr. Snap that he deemed it a great pleasure to have the honor of making his acquaintance.

Hereupon Mr. Snap very cordially invited Mr. Meloman to have a glass of Rhine wine, as he received a case that day, which had been highly recommended.

Mr. Wildwood suggested to Mr. Meloman, while Theodore was getting the bottles and glasses ready, to light a cigar.

"You are very kind, sir. I observe that you are very comfortably furnished. This is a fine collection of books. Journalists need them."

"Certainly, but most of these books belong to Snap and Hopsing."

"You certainly display a great deal of taste in your selection of paintings. This one represents—"

"The Goddess of Liberty," replied Theodore Snap."

Romeo jokingly added that it was only a chromo.

"Very true," replied Theodore, "but to me it possesses the additional charm of being acquainted with the model, who is a perfect

Venus. Now, if you don't admit that this is the best glass of Rhine wine that you ever tasted—"

"Well, gentlemen, here is to Theodore's Goddess of Liberty," was the toast proposed by Mr. Wildwood.

Mr. Hopsing, addressing his conversation to Mr. Meloman, informed him that he believed he had a pupil for him.

"Indeed! who can it be?"

"Miss Eleanore Chase, who lives near Hazeldel and said she heard you at Mr. Esau Cain's."

"I remember; she is rather a delicate and very reserved young lady, has very little to say."

"You would think differently," laughingly remarked Theodore Snap, "if you had been here a little while ago and heard Mr. Hopsing's brief description of her in connection with a good joke."

"I regret that I did not come sooner."

Mr. Wildwood then repeated the story with the additional embellishments of an author whose imaginative powers were wonderfully developed.

Mr. Meloman, after enjoying a hearty laugh, and having thanked Mr. Hopsing for the interest that he took in his welfare, narrated his little episode with Domine Dinkskirchen, and gave an illustration on the piano of the manner in which he changed the solemn and grand choral of Old Hundred into a lively jig.

Theodore Snap again roared with laughter, even the sedate Alexander Wildwood joined heartily.

Alexander, after refilling the glasses, proposed the health of Mr. Meloman's Domine.

Mr. Meloman, who bore a striking resemblance to Beethoven, now favored the trio with selections from Beethoven, Gottschalk and his own compositions; then rising from the piano he bade the trio a very cordial good-night, and assured them that it was the happiest evening that he had passed since he left his fatherland.

After Mr. Meloman's departure, Mr. Wildwood refilled the glasses and proposed the health of the Russian musician; then passing the cigars and lighting a fresh one, continued the subject of the conversation which had been interrupted.

"Well, Snappy, you have been regretting that you were not a piano tuner; what would you say to being a music teacher?"

"Well now, there is too much responsibility attached to the position of a music teacher, to say nothing of the enormous amount of patience and hard work required in order to be successful."

Romeo Hopsing still regretted that he did not possess Theodore Snap's opportunities, and expressed a wish that he would willingly change places with him, to which expression Theodore replied:

"Your views are very good in theory but very poor in practice. Just think of it, it is now six months since I was admitted to the bar, and during that time I have earned the fabulous sum of thirty dollars."

"That is a very good beginning."

Alexander Wildwood added that he was under the impression that Theodore Snap was building up a very good law practice.

Romeo now appealed to Theodore to not become discouraged and drew his attention to old Judge Hazeldel, who scarcely earned his salt the first five years of his professional career.

To these encouraging words Theodore mournfully replied:

"Very true, but that was something. When I think of how much my education has cost my father, and how I am still obliged to accept his assistance, it takes all the feeling of manly spirit and independence out of me."

Romeo now approached Theodore and patting him gently on the back, said:

"Now, don't become sentimental. Be patient for only six more months, and if the governor should dare to make you feel that you are a burden to him, rest assured that Alexander and I will see that you don't lack for funds."

"Why, certainly, Theodore," added the sedate Alexander Wildwood, with surprising animation; "I am sure that any service that I could render you would eventually prove a good investment. I am certain that if you don't succeed in your profession, that you would make a big success of it as a traveling salesman for some wholesale establishment, with your natural gift of eloquence, elegant address and entertaining qualities. We have a number of salesmen who make five thousand

dollars a year who can't hold a candle to you."

"Five thousand fiddle-sticks!" exclaimed Romeo, in a tone expressive of disgust; "What is that, compared to Judge Hazeldel's five hundred thousand dollar fee from the X. X. & X. R. R.? How many years would Theodore be obliged to travel to make that much?"

Theodore again reminded Romeo that his views were good in theory, but poor in practice.

Alexander cast one of his expressive side-glances at Theodore, and, in his deep stentorian voice, said: "I don't blame Hopsing for thanking you, in his peculiar manner, for the interest that you have shown him in regard to Miss Chase."

To this pleasantry Romeo replied: "I did not mean it that way. I was seriously in earnest. Nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to, some day, find Theodore one of the most famous lawyers of America."

"Nor was I jesting with Romeo," earnestly replied Theodore.

"Then why not suggest a different plan?"

continued the sedate Alexander, throwing the stump of his cigar into the cuspador. "For instance, have him aim to become the head of the largest piano house in the west. You know that I am a firm believer in caste; in fact, I sometimes think that the ancient Brahmins were right in dividing society into four different castes. I am opposed to all forms of mesalliance."

To this theory Theodore laughingly replied: "Now, that would be a brilliant idea to have society reorganized on the Brahmin plan; in that case, you and I, including Romeo, would be classed among the Sûdras — the lowest order. I hope that you will not succeed in filling the earth with a lot of misanthropic Schoppenhauers, whose home consisted of a dog and a female servant."

"You don't know what you are talking about."

"Don't I? Shall I convince you that I do by teaching you the Upanishads? As for mesalliance, I doubt if Miss Chase would prove herself to be the intellectual equal of Romeo; she certainly is not his superior."

"Then why does the idiot hide his light under a bushel?"

"Thank you, Mr. Wildwood," approvingly responded Mr. Hopsing.

"He is doing very well," said Theodore; "a few days ago I accidentally learned that for the past five years he has been supporting a brother and his family of eleven children."

"He is a big goose for doing so. What right has any man to bring into the world a lot of children if he is not capable of taking care of them?"

"It seems that God makes use of just such material to perpetuate the species. If he depended upon you pessimists, it would only be a matter of a little time for the human race to become extinct."

"And then, Alexander, what would become of your four castes?" inquired Romeo. "This would be one way of disposing of them."

"You misunderstand me, Romeo. I think it is an injustice to you. What would have become of your brother and his family if you had married six years ago? You would have been old enough then, as you are now twenty-eight."

"Oh, I suppose they would have gone to the poor-house; but we can not all marry, you

know; besides, I am very well satisfied with my single blessedness, and as for having any vain ambition for social advancement, let me beg of you, Theodore, to give yourself no uneasiness.

Theodore now refilled the glasses and recited Martin Luther's couplet:

> Who loves not wine, wife and song,
> Remains a fool his whole life long.

The trio then drank to the health of the great reformer, and committed themselves to the arms of Morpheus.

SUNDAY MORNING.

IT was Sunday morning. The tolling and ringing of the bells of Hazeldel indicated the time of day to be half-past ten. There had been a heavy frost covering trees and sward and roofs and fences, reminding one that winter and Christmas were crawling along. The natural beauty of the trees adorned in their variegated leaves were enhanced by the sunlight caressing them and removing from them the frost, which, before yielding to the radiant force, sparkled like a million diamonds.

Domine Dinkskirchen on this particular morning was in an unusually happy frame of mind. He conceived the idea of uniting the four denominations of Hazeldel, which were known as the Northern, Southern, Eastern and Western, into one grand sect, which he proposed calling "The New Central Creed."

One of Domine Dinkskirchen's most marked idiosyncracies was his firm belief that his special mission on earth was to convert infidels. He decided to try the effectiveness of his di-

vine (?) calling on three persons: our organist, Prof. Jacob Abel, for reasons which will become evident; Mr. Nicholas Meloman, whose sacreligious performance of Old Hundred still lingered in the Domine's memory, and Ernest Hirsch, whom the Domine believed would prove a valuable acquisition and one of the shining lights of "The New Central Creed."

The bell tolled its last sound and the congregation began assembling. Mr. Alfred Marquette and mother were first to enter the little chapel. Outside a few small groups were still lingering. Paul Beauchamp and his sister Virginia were next to enter the little house of God. The Cain and Chase families now entered, when presently the sound of the organ informed those still lingering outside, among whom were Ernest Hirsch, that services were begun.

Prof. Jacob Abel, the organist, was a much younger man than his bald head would indicate; of a happy and genial disposition, he won the affection of all the young men in the village by entering into all their sports, chief among which was that of base ball. He would

leave his room unlocked while out on his round giving violin lessons, and on the table he generally had an open box of cigars and the latest magazines, which were at the disposal of his friends.

Jacob, as the boys usually called him, finished the organ voluntary. The choir, consisting of seven female and five male voices, had risen. They began singing. Ten minutes passed. Five minutes more. Still five more minutes; again five more minutes; altogether twenty-five minutes.

Prof. Abel knew perfectly well that there was only one good voice in the choir, the others were simply passable. So what was lacking in quality he determined to supply in quantity.

During this somewhat prolonged singing by the choir, the Domine had ample time and opportunity from his elevated position to glance at the various faces before him. He recognized Ernest Hirsch, and had Mr. Nicholas Meloman been also present, the Domine's happiness would have been complete. He remembered Mahomet's remark that "if the mountain will not come to Mahomet that Ma-

homet must go to the mountain," and as there was no probability of Mr. Meloman coming to him at Hazeldel, that he would some day go to Mr. Meloman at Chicago.

When the Domine finished his sermon, he concluded the prayer in the following manner: "Oh Lord, we thank Thee that we can sup with Thee at the table, and not, like dogs, under the table. Thou knowest how distasteful it must be to have infidels in the house of God, especially when they are permitted to take an active part in the service devoted to Thee. Thou knowest of the many vain attempts that I have made to convince our organist of the error of his ways and to bring him to Thee, and should he continue during the coming week in his perverted obstinacy, wilt Thou in Thy sublime justice hurl Thy thunderbolts on him, and instantly killing him, make of him a forcible example to others who are pursuing the same path."

The following Monday morning Prof. Jacob Abel was the first in Hazeldel to rise from a profound and peaceful slumber. Before going to breakfast he hastened to the village blacksmith and ordered him to prepare twelve

small round iron bars, each one to be of uniform length. When these were finished he requested the iron pounder to fasten them with pliable wires about his person. When this was accomplished Jacob presented the appearance of a young tree encased in an iron fence. He now proceeded to breakfast. He had not gone very far when he was met by Alfred Marquette, who roared with laughter at this unique apparition, and in amazement asked:

"Why, Jacob; what in thunder are you doing with all those lightning rods!"

"Well, you see, Alfred, I concluded to guard against emergencies. You may remember Domine Dinkskirchen's prayer yesterday morning, and for fear that there would be any probability of its being answered, I concluded to provide myself with these lightning-rods and, if possible, prevent so sudden and sad a catastrophe."

Alfred enjoyed another good laugh and went his way, while Jacob, in his present fortified condition, took a bee line for breakfast.

A RECLUSE.

ERNEST HIRSCH lived in a somewhat antiquated though commodious house, near the western border of the village. He was of medium height, broad shoulders, light brown hair, gray eyes, florid complexion, and German in looks, although he did not speak the language. Any one making an estimate of his age would have guessed twenty-five, when in reality he had passed his thirty-first birthday.

A self-made man, Ernest began at the age of twelve as messenger-boy in a freight office. From this humble position, through the cheerful discharge of his duties and the diligent study of everything that related to railroad interests, he was promoted from year to year.

At the age of twenty-five Mr. Hirsch became president of one of the leading roads of the East. At the age of twenty-nine he had accumulated three hunrded thousand dollars, and not desiring any more money, concluded to retire from business and devote the remain-

der of his life in cultivating the arts and sciences.

While living in the east, Ernest frequently received letters and invitations from his cousin, Alfred Marquette, to visit him at Hazeldel. He finally went, became completely charmed with the place, and finding an opportunity to buy his present home, concluded that he could here live a quiet and studious life without leaving civilization altogether. It was now three years since Mr. Hirsch came to Hazeldel.

The Monday evening following the Sunday when Domine Dinkskirchen invoked the Divine wrath, Ernest Hirsch was seated in his library, deeply interested in Thoreau's Walden. He would frequently pause after reading something original, place the book on his knee, and rest his head in the palm of his right hand, lost in meditation. A vigorous knocking at the hall door restored him to consciousness. Placing the book upon the table and rising slowly, he went to the door and was greeted by his cousin, Alfred Marquette.

"Come in out of the wet. It surprises me that you ventured out in such a stormy night.

Let me take your umbrella; put your hat and coat on the rack and come in to the fire."

"I would rather not go into the fire, if it will suit you as well to permit me to remain just outside of it."

"I would not have you escape a deluge and the fiery elements from without for the sake of seeing you burned alive within my home. There, have a seat and make yourself comfortable."

Alfred, after drawing an arm-chair toward the old-fashioned fireplace and screening his face with his hands, gave an elaborate description of Prof. Jacob Abel's novel costume and his unique reason for thus equipping himself.

"That was certainly a very good precaution. Mr. Dinkskirchen seems to mean well, but I fear that he is an enthusiast."

"Ernest, I have a new brand of cigar, which I consider very good; try one."

"Thanks. What is the name of the brand?"

"Henry Clay."

"This is an excellent cigar."

The two cousins remained silent for fully ten minutes, smoking and puffing. Ernest

blew large rings through which he sent smaller ones. Alfred also attempted this feat, but failing, consoled himself by ejecting the smoke through his nostrils. They remained silent for only ten minutes, but during that time how many plans were invented, perfected or ended in smoke? The brand of the cigar reminded Ernest of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Hezekiah Clay at the Hon. Mr. Esau Cain's, of the duet between Alfred and Rosamond, and the cordial look of recognition and approval with which Miss Eleanore Chase met his enraptured countenance, while Alfred during this interval was wondering what had induced Ernest to attend church the preceding day. He knew it could not have been to hear the Domine Dinkskirchen, and if the music proved to be the sole magnet, that it would never succeed a second time—twenty-five minutes of torture—or could it be possible that Ernest went to church for no other reason than to get another view of the fair Rosamond?

Finally Ernest broke the silence by remarking that he had for some time been seriously thinking of establishing a "Debating Club" where the young people could meet once a

week for social and intellectual advancement.

"That would be an excellent idea," approvingly assented Alfred.

"There is a piece of ground in the east end which would be a desirable location. I believe that for this purpose Mr. Cain would willingly donate it. I would agree in that case to have a building erected at my expense, and donate it to the village."

"And call it the Cain-Hirsch debating club? Why not buy the ground, donate both and call it simply the Hirsch Debating Club?"

"No; I would prefer to have others share the honor. I think the name of Hazeldel Debating Club would be best, and, as we are discussing the subject, it reminds me that I have found something very suitable; it is from Thoreau's Walden; let me read it for you: 'In any weather, at any hour of the day or night, I have been anxious to improve the nick of time, and notch it on my stick, too; to stand on the meeting of two eternities, the past and the future, which is precisely the present moment, to toe that line. You will pardon some obscurities for there are more

secrets in my trade than most men's, and yet not voluntarily kept, but inseparable from its very nature. I would gladly tell all that I know about it, and never paint 'No admittance' on my gate.'"

"I see—you would not adorn the entrance of your contemplated debating club with 'no admittance.'"

"Precisely. All questions of a political, religious or social nature could be there discussed, provided that the parties debating always bear in mind that, under no circumstances, will they be permitted to betray malice, envy, prejudice, or any vindictive feeling."

"Excellent! But would it not be a good idea to have one large room supplied with a stage and the necessary equipments for giving dramatic performances?"

"A brilliant idea."

"Also one room which would answer the double purpose of library and sitting-room, supplied with tables and various games for pastime, such as chess, backgammon, dominoes, etc."

"Capital! Capital! I shall have great

expectations from the future Hazeldel debating club."

"To-morrow I will interview Mr. Cain in regard to the ground."

"And in the meantime I will write to an architect in Boston, whom I know, and have him furnish me with a plan for the building."

AN EGYPTIAN TELEPHONE.

MISS ROSAMOND CAIN practiced for fully two hours the last movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. Rising suddenly and closing the book she flung it across the room, remarking at the same time that the piano was not her forte; then going to the music stand she selected a new song, "Waiting," which Mr. Marquette had recently sent her. Returning to the piano she began singing, and had just finished the strain ending with the words "Come, for my arms are empty," when she found herself encircled by a pair of arms, and turning around she beheld Miss Eleanore Chase.

The two young women presented a striking contrast. Miss Rosamond was a perfect picture of health, and looked more like a country girl than the city bred girl that she was. A brunette, black hair, and flashing dark-brown eyes, attired in a wine-colored wrap embroidered in old gcld, she simply looked bewitching.

Miss Eleanore with her fair face, dark-blue

eyes, light brown hair, pale blue dress adorned with a few light pink ribbons, formed a marvellous contrast. Repeating the last strain of the song she echoed Miss Rosamond, "Come, for my arms are empty."

"Why, Eleanore, how you frightened me."

"Ha! ha! ha! did you think it was some one else?"

"No, I recognized you by the faint perfume of violets."

"Come, Rosie, don't get up; please finish, and when you get through I have another song that I wish you would sing for me."

Miss Rosamond then sang "Waiting." Miss Eleanore now proceeded to the hall table and returned with "Auf Wiedersehen."

"Auf Wiedersehen—why, this is Dutch; you know I can't speak Dutch."

"Goosie, it is only the title that is German, the words are English."

"Goodness gracious, what an accompaniment, and in six sharps. If it had only been written in flats, I might be able to read it, but sharps, and six sharps at that, impossible. If you will play the accompaniment I will sing it for you."

Miss Eleanore, in closing the copy of "Waiting," noticed on the right-hand upper corner of the title-page the inscription:

To Miss Rosamond Cain,
Compliments of Alfred Marquette.

She then burst out laughing and said:

"Now I see why you were frightened when I interrupted you at the words 'Come for my arms are empty.'"

"You are a regular tease."

"Never mind, Rosie, 'Auf Wiedersehen' will do just as well."

Miss Rosamond then sang Auf Wiedersehen very acceptably considering that it was the first time. She complimented Miss Eleanore on her artistic rendering of the beautiful accompaniment, then going to the other end of the room, she picked old Beethoven from the floor and returning to the piano requested Miss Eleanore to play the Moonlight Sonata.

Miss Chase was a very proficient pianist; she excelled in technique, but was also wonderfully endowed with the faculty of interpreting the composer's most inward thoughts.

She was conscious under what circumstances the composition had been inspired.

When Eleanore ended the finale, which she played in an unusually rapid tempo, Rosamond, who possessed an ardent and impulsive nature, threw her arms around her neck and, after kissing her on both cheeks, admitted to her that the past week she had been practicing from two to three hours daily on the last movement of the Sonata, but could not see that she had made any progress.

"This ought not grieve you, dear, when you take into consideration that what you lack in technique you more than supply with your vocal talent. You know that I have scarcely any voice and sing very little."

"I remember there is only one song that I have ever heard you sing, 'Sweet the Angelus.' Oh! you should have seen Prof. Abel, last Monday morning, with a lot of lightning-rods fastened to him, going through the village."

"What on earth did the simpleton mean?"

"I understood that he wanted to guard against the possibility of Mr. Dinkskirchen's invocation being answered."

"He is certainly a very funny fellow, to say the least."

"Not at all. Papa thinks that he did perfectly right, and did not blame him."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain coming into the room, and after inquiring about the health of Miss Chase and her mother and her father and given her opinion of the weather, she informed Miss Chase that the cook had just baked some fresh doughnuts, and would not Miss Chase try some with a glass of cider. Having delivered herself of these words, she seated herself in an arm-chair.

Miss Chase expressed herself as being exceedingly fond of doughnuts and cider.

The Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain then took a miniature whistle, made of solid gold and elaborately carved, which she carried suspended from her neck, applied it to her mouth and produced three shrill sounds.

Miss Chase's face betrayed astonishment; she could not imagine what had induced the Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain to indulge in this child-like performance, and comparing it with Miss Rosamond's description of the erratic Prof.

Jacob Abel's portable lightning-rod trick, concluded that he was not the only individual addicted to strange freaks.

Presently a colored waiter entered the room. He paused at the door and made a most profound bow.

The Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain then briefly gave George an order for a pitcher of cider and some doughnuts.

George made another very profound bow and crawfished out of the room.

"I now see," said Eleanore, addressing the Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain, "for what purpose you carry that beautiful ornament."

"I observed that you seemed very much surprised. You see it is useful, as well as ornamental, and is one of my inventions. I call it an Egyptian telephone. I used to make myself hoarse calling the servants, when one day the idea occurred to me that this would be a great improvement. I have a separate call for each one of my domestics, whom I have taken great pains to teach their individual calls and remain within their proper sphere."

The Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain did not see George

re-enter the room, who grinningly was waiting at the door for further instructions. When ordered to approach and refreshments had been served, George repeated his bowing crawfish exit.

Miss Eleanore drank her glass of cider and approvingly said: "This is excellent cider;" and then added, "my mother bakes the best doughnuts in America."

"Have you no cook?" inquired the Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain, in amazement.

"Why, maumie. What a question!"

"Oh, yes," replied Eleanore, "but my mother likes to go into the kitchen sometimes and get up some special dishes."

The Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain now produced one prolonged, shrill sound with her golden telephone. This was answered by Hannah entering the room, who also paused at the door and made a most ludicrous bow.

"Hannah, some napkins."

Hannah, after making another laughable courtesy at the door, hastened out of the room.

"There is Dr. Granger passing, in his new buggy," looking out of the window; the

Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain continued: "That reminds me, he called a few days ago, and I learned from him that he is getting up a class of pupils, with a view of persuading Mr. Meloman to come to Hazeldel one or two days in the week to teach them."

"I hope he will succeed," said Eleanore, "for I have been thinking of going once a week to Chicago and taking lessons of him."

"I said to him that he could count on my daughter for one pupil; so this will be two for him to begin with."

"Why, maumie, you know that I would prefer vocal lessons from Sig. Macaroni."

The Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain again reached for her telephone and produced two shrill sounds. This brought Jane, an animated young Hibernian, who rushed into the room, forgetting to make the regulation courtesy and wait at the door, for which breach of decorum she was sternly reprimanded by the Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain, and then ordered to fetch some toothpicks.

Jane now made her exit in good style and soon returned with a silver tray, on which there was a small cut glass goblet filled with

ornamented quill toothpicks. After passing them, she left the room, but did not forget to make a very low bow.

The Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain now cast one of her reproving glances at Rosamond and said: "Daughter, you know that you can not even play the accompaniments of most of your songs, and you must not expect to always have some one to play them for you."

This mild rebuke delivered, the Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain again reached for her golden ornament and produced four shrill sounds. This brought Pompey, a young mulatto, who was ordered to go to the post-office and see if there was any mail. Pompey left in good style and excelled the other servants in gracefully bowing and crawfishing out of doors.

"Why, dear Mrs. Cain," remarked Eleanore, returning to the subject of conversation, "you ought to remember that Rosamond is a much better instrumentalist than I am a vocalist."

"Very true, my dear, but Mr. Cain does not want her to get stage-struck and become possessed with the idea that she will surpass Jenny Lind."

"Maumie, it would not take many such enthusiastic admirers as Eleanore to make me hope to excel even Jennie Lind."

After this remark the Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain again applied her golden whistle to her mouth and produced five piercing sounds. This brought in the coachman, who, attired in a new livery, resembled a general in the army; when ordered to inform the hostler to hitch up the pair of bay horses, he took his departure in a very stately manner.

"Daughter, after all, what was Jennie Lind but an itinerent strolling glee maiden?"

"She certainly did a great deal of good, and was very kind to the poor," replied Rosamond.

"It must have given her a great deal of comfort to be enabled to do so much," added Eleanore.

The Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain again had recourse to the golden whistle, and producing six short, shrill sounds, caused another colored waiter to make his appearance, whom she ordered to remove the reminiscences of the luncheon. Mrs. Cain then rose from her easy chair, begged Miss Chase to excuse her, and

as she had heard that Mrs. Hezekiah Clay was very ill, intended to drive over to Paul Beauchamp's and get some flowers to take to her, and bidding Miss Chase a very cordial adieu, started off on her mission of love.

"What do you think, Eleanore, Mr. Marquette was here yesterday, and was telling me that there was a prospect of Hazeldel having before long a small-sized opera house, library and debating club. Mr. Ernest Hirsch has promised to have the building erected at his expense and present it to the village if papa would donate the ground."

"That would be perfectly splendid. Has your father agreed to give the ground?"

"Not yet, but I think we can talk him into it."

"And then to just think that we will have an opportunity to appear in opera—for some charitable purpose of course—then there would be no danger of becoming stage-struck."

"Oh, no; but I would not say anything to papa about it, at least not until he has given the ground and the deed has been recorded."

"I thought Mr. Hirsch seemed very much moved with your singing in the duet 'What

makes the Spring,'" and rising to go, Eleanore added: "I understand that he is quite a recluse."

"Yes, his cousin, Alfred Marquette, had the greatest difficulty in getting him to come to our party."

"And then for him to remain most of the time in the library."

"He is welcome to his books so we have our opera house."

ANVIL CHORUS.

IT was nearly midnight. Alexander Wildwood was seated at a table in his room translating since seven o'clock. He became conscious that there were footsteps on the stairs; also that some one was singing. It seemed to him that some one was playing an alto part on a clarionet. He recognized the tune, which was all the rage.

Presently Theodore Snap and Romeo Hopsing came thundering into the room, Theodore singing "Shoo-fly" and Romeo playing an alto part on a toy instrument which sounded like a hundred clarionets playing in unison and producing a volume of sound not surpassed by a caliope.

Alexander was perfectly amazed and in his deep stentorian voice inquired: "What in thunder do you call that implement of torture?"

To this Romeo laughingly replied: "This is a patent return ball with a kazoo attachment."

Theodore in his inimitable manner now in-

vited Alexander to join Romeo and himself and proceed to the Tremont House and return Mr. Meloman's call.

"Yes," added Romeo, "let's go and have some oysters and then we will serenade our friend Meloman. You know that you have an excellent bass, and he will enjoy it."

Alexander then put away his papers and the trio proceeded to a restaurant.

The music of the serenade still lingering in his memory, Alexander remarked: "Shoo-fly, now, there is a song that will become a model for future composers who aim at popularity. Just see," said he, "how popular it is. The publishers of that song have made over thirty thousand dollars out of it."

"Let us perform it for the classical Mr. Meloman and see how he likes it," suggested Romeo.

"By all means," added Theodore.

The trio now started for the Tremont House and soon reached the door of Mr. Meloman's room. They arrived just in time to hear the last strains of a sonata by Mozart for violin and piano. As soon as the music ceased, the trio began. Hopsing played the melody on

his implement of torture, while Snap sang tenor and Wildwood added his powerful bass. They were soon admitted by Prof. Jacob Abel, who was nearest the door.

Mr. Meloman, seated at a Chickering grand, had, with the professor for the past five hours, been playing Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven sonatas; he occupied two rooms on the fifth floor, one of which answered the double purpose of parlor and sitting-room. Rising and approaching his guests he cordially greeted them and assured them they did him great honor with their beautiful serenade; "permit me," he continued, "to introduce to you my friend, Prof. Jacob Abel, from Hazeldel."

After shaking hands with the trio Prof. Jacob Abel remarked: "The song which you performed so beautifully is really classical."

"The idea, Shoo-fly classical," exclaimed Romeo.

Mr. Meloman then invited his guests to some refreshments. Theodore Snap and Prof. Jacob Abel desired Rhine wine, Alexander Wildwood concluded to join Mr. Meloman in an arrak punch, while Romeo Hopsing never took anything stronger than ice water.

Mr. Meloman now pressed a button, which summons was answered by a waiter. In addition to the foregoing order, Mr. Meloman added a request for a large Spanish onion and a small piece of bread and butter. The waiter returned with the liquids but minus the edibles, whereupon Mr. Meloman gave the waiter a ten-dollar gold piece with which to procure him an onion and a small piece of bread and butter. In a very little while the waiter returned with two large onions, a loaf of bread and a half-pound of butter.

"You see, gentlemen," said Mr. Meloman, "I have some very low tastes."

"Not at all," replied Theodore Snap, "I will only be too happy in helping you dispose of one of those Spaniards. I acknowledge that I also have some low tastes."

Returning to the subject of music, Prof. Jacob Abel remarked: "Yes, Shoo-fly. Mr. Meloman, did you recognize the tune that the trio performed?"

"No, I never heard it before."

Prof. Abel then requested the trio to repeat Shoo-fly, and performing it again with an animated enthusiasm, Mr. Meloman again

acknowledged that he had never heard it, whereupon Prof. Abel picked up a copy of Beethoven's Sonatas and requested Mr. Meloman to try the last movement of Sonata, op. 101.

Mr. Meloman did not proceed very far before Mr. Hopsing was compelled to admit that Prof. Abel was right in discovering the source from which Shoo-fly originated.

Prof. Abel now took up his violin and suggested to have the anvil chorus. Mr. Meloman seated himself at the piano, Theodore Snap picked up a poker and of it made a good substitute for a triangle. Romeo Hopsing prepared himself with his implement of torture, leaving Alexander Wildwood unprovided with an instrument. They now began.

Mr. Wildwood had, only the previous day, translated an account of Gilmore's performance of the Anvil Chorus in Boston, where cannons were substituted for anvils. Mr. Wildwood also remembered that he had his seven-shooter with him. As the quartette were nearing the part where the anvils are introduced, Alexander Wildwood went to the window, opened it, and when the unsuspect-

ing musicians arrived at the first stroke of the anvil, he fired seven shots in succession, keeping time with the music.

Presently there were a number of policemen's whistles heard. Two city guardians came running into the alley, and seeing a solitary and belated individual passing, they seized him and, although he vehemently protested his innocence, marched him off to the station-house.

"There they go," mournfully remarked Alexander, "the two guardians of the peace, taking an innocent wanderer to the station-house to atone for my enthusiasm for art."

"I think," vehemently added Theodore, "it is a villainous piece of injustice."

"Now, here is an opportunity for you, Theodore, to distinguish yourself. Let us proceed to the station-house and see what we can do for the poor fellow," suggested Romeo.

"Shall I go along," inquired Alexander, "and admit to him that it was I who did the shooting?"

"You may come with us," replied Theodore, "but it will not be necessary for you to make any such—"

Here the bell-boy knocked at the door, without being summoned, and left a note addressed to Mr. Nicholas Meloman, which read as follows:

MR. MELOMAN: Sir—You will please call at the office, settle your bill and leave the house.

Yours, etc., *******.

Mr. Meloman read the foregoing note aloud. Mr. Wildwood expressed regret for the dilemma in which he had placed him.

"I pray," consolingly responded Mr. Meloman, "give yourself no uneasiness about it. Until very recently I have been under the impression that Handel's Harmonious Blacksmith was unrivaled, but your performance of the Anvil Chorus has convinced me that Italy is far in advance of Germany in matters where fire or forging is concerned."

"Never mind, Mr. Meloman, there are a number of hotels here, where you will have no difficulty in being accommodated," said Prof. Jacob Abel.

"I think the clerk was a little hasty," remarked Romeo. "Alexander, Theodore and myself have been regular boarders here for

several years, and have left a great deal of money at this caravansary, and we will also settle our bills and leave the house."

The trio then departed for the station-house, leaving Prof. Jacob Abel to condole with Mr. Meloman in his unexpected dilemma.

AT THE STATION-HOUSE.

WHEN the trio arrived at the station-house they examined the register and found the last entry to read: Albert Rosenbusch, carrying concealed weapons.

After a brief conversation with the captain of the police, Mr. Snap presented the officer with his card and begged permission to see the prisoner, which was granted. Our young attorney then had a brief interview with Albert Rosenbusch, for whom he promised to plead the case gratis.

On their return, Romeo laughingly informed his companions that Mr. Albert Rosenbusch was the identical individual that he had met at Mr. Enoch Chase's, and for whose especial benefit he performed an imaginary cavatina from the opera of Romeo and Juliet.

The trial was to take place at nine A. M. Theodore had only four hours' time in which to prepare himself.

The trio arrived at the Tremont House and performed their morning ablutions, restored their shattered nervous systems with an appe-

tizer and entered the dining-room, when they were joined by Mr. Meloman and Prof. Abel.

"Well, gentlemen, what success have you had with our prisoner?" inquired Mr. Meloman.

"The trial is to take place," answered Romeo, "this morning at nine o'clock."

"And Theodore is going to plead the case," added Alexander.

"I would like to witness it," remarked Prof. Abel, "but must return to Hazeldel on the 9:15 train."

Mr. Meloman then opened a letter, which read as follows:

MR. NICHOLAS MELOMAN: Dear Sir—Would you come to Hazeldel one day in the week, providing I obtain for you a sufficient number of pupils?

Yours very truly,

ARCHIBALD GRANGER.

To Mr. Nicholas Meloman,

Tremont House, Chicago, Ill.

Prof. Jacob Abel remarked: "I hope you will conclude to come; we could then play duets without being interrupted."

"I don't know about that," exclaimed Theodore; "we three may surprise you some evening."

"But I promise you that I will leave my anvil at home," said the sedate Alexander.

"And I will not afflict you with my implement of torture," laughingly added Romeo.

Mr. Meloman then remarked that he would consider the matter and decide in a few days.

Breakfast was now served and the quintette proceeded to do justice to a substantial meal. Prof. Abel took raw eggs, Theodore had them fried, Romeo had them boiled, Meloman had them shirred, and Alexander had them served on toast. The quintette exhibited the same variety of tastes in everything that they ordered, no two dishes being served exactly alike. In only one instance were they of one accord, and that was in drinking their coffee without cream and sugar.

The party now dispersed; Prof. Abel went to the depot, Mr. Meloman had a music lesson to give on Michigan avenue, while the others adjourned to the police court room.

The first two cases were tried and disposed of, when presently the name of Albert Rosenbusch was called.

"Mr. Albert Rosenbusch, what have you to say in your defence?" thundered the judge.

"Your honor," interceded Theodore Snap, "my client is charged with having violated a city ordinance by shooting within the city limits."

"Yes, your honor," interrupted the policeman, "I and my pard heard him fire seven shots, so we arrested him, and after searching his pockets, found in his possession a revolver."

"Will your honor please have the officer produce the revolver?" requested Theodore Snap.

The judge addressed the officer and asked: "Have you the revolver?"

"Here it is, your honor," replied the officer, handing the revolver to the judge.

"Are you positive," said Theodore, turning to the officer, "that this is the identical pistol that you found in Mr. Rosenbusch's possession?"

"I can swear to it," replied the officer.

The judge now addressed Mr. Rosenbusch and asked him if he recognized the revolver as belonging to him, to which Mr. Rosenbusch replied:

"It is mine, your honor."

Theodore Snap again faced the officer and said:

"Will you swear that the revolver is in the same condition that it was when you took it from my client?"

"I can swear to it, sir."

"Will your honor please examine the instrument and ascertain if it is a six or seven shooter, also if it is loaded or not?"

The judge then examined the revolver and said: "I find that it is a six shooter, and also that it is fully loaded."

"Now, your honor," said Theodore, "how could my client have produced seven shots with a six shooter, or even one shot, and left the revolver fully loaded?"

The judge now arose from his seat, and addressing Mr. Rosenbusch in a paternal voice said: "Mr. Rosenbusch, permit me to return to you your revolver. It pains me to see young men of your address harboring a relic of barbarism. Should an opportunity present itself, you may shoulder a musket and die as a patriot in defence of your country, but for all ordinary purposes I would advise you to join a gymnasium and take lessons in the manly art of self-defence."

When the party left the court-room, Hopsing congratulated Snap upon his unique pleading of the case. Wildwood still insisted that it was an outrage to arrest an inoffensive citizen. Mr. Rosenbusch agreed with Mr. Wildwood, and bidding him and Romeo Hopsing a very cordial good-bye, accompanied Mr. Theodore Snap to his law office.

TWO FUNERALS.

THERE was deep mourning at the house of Hezekiah Clay. The angel of death had visited his home and stricken his first-born, Hezekiah, Jr., the pride and hope of his father. The funeral had taken place the preceding day. It was attended by a large concourse of people, many of whom were from Chicago. Four young men acted as pall-bearers. The white hearse, drawn by two white horses, conveyed the idea of the innocence of its burden.

Mrs. Clay was deeply depressed. It was her first experience of real sorrow. It was distressing to her husband, whose vain efforts to console her met with no better result than to see her raise her hands imploringly to heaven and give vent in the most heartrending tones to such expressions as: "Oh, my God, what have I done? what have I done? Why do you afflict me so?" and then endeavor to drown her grief in a flood of tears and sobs.

Mr. Hezekiah Clay approached his wife, and putting his arm about her, consolingly

said: "Come, dear, this will not do. You know we must submit to the inevitable. I 'll go over to the drug store and get something to quiet your nerves. That 's a dear—now do be patient."

When Hezekiah reached the veranda and was just starting to go down stairs, he happened to look toward the right and noticed at a short distance a large crowd of people marching in the middle of the street and coming toward him. They would soon be passing his place. He paused, wondering what it meant.

The procession now reached the lane which intersected the street. He recognized a number of faces as being those of domestics employed in various Hazeldel families.

A bright, rosy-cheeked and beautiful little girl walking beside a woman who seemed to be staring at vacancy, he recognized as being Amalie Beauchamp and her mother.

The last one in the procession was a stoutly-built man, carrying a little white coffin under his left arm, whom Hezekiah had no difficulty in recognizing as Paul Beauchamp, whom he had only a short time ago ordered to leave his

premises and forbidden to ever re-enter. For a few moments Hezekiah seemed transported to some foreign country, and felt as if he were living in some primitive hamlet.

It now dawned upon him that this was also a funeral procession. He could not help contrasting it with the pomp and splendor of his own sad loss the previous day. Hezekiah, though not demonstrative, and giving one the impression that he was entirely void of feeling, became deeply moved while regarding Paul Beauchamp, whose face seemed to express a sorrow that knows no tear, walking with a firm step and alone, hugging his heart's lost treasure.

The humble cortege, in their primitive simplicity, were wending their way to the little southern chapel, of which Mrs. Beauchamp was a member. The graveyard, or God's acre, as it was generally called by these people, adjoined the grounds of the chapel.

Hezekiah felt his eyes filling with tears. He had not cried for many years—not since he was a boy, and had been severely chastized by his mother for stealing and eating green apples. He now hastened to the drug store,

having almost forgotten his own sorrow in losing himself in another's.

When he returned he found his wife more composed. She also had been watching the funeral procession pass.

"Here is a prescription, dear, some bromide, that will quiet your nerves."

"Thanks, dear. Did you notice the affecting funeral procession on your way? I am now more reconciled."

"Yes, I thought it was very touching."

"Little Amalie Beauchamp—her's was the only happy face. The dear child, she brought those beautiful lilies of the valley, saying that her mamma had sent them."

"Dr. Granger arranged them very tastefully."

"I shall now always have the kindliest feeling toward him. I did think at one time that he was somewhat coarse, but he was so gentle and sympathetic in arranging the flowers about baby as he lay there in his little coffin—."

Hezekiah recalling the many plans that he had made for his heart's idol, and the bright

future to which he had looked forward, now painfully realized the vanity of human hopes.

It was now with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. Clay succeeded in reconciling her husband with their bereavement.

AT THE GREEN-HOUSE.

PAUL BEAUCHAMP listened patiently to his wife. She censured him for his extravagance in recently investing his last ten dollars for some rare plant which he had ordered from the east. Many a dollar he secretly sent away for rare bulbs without his wife's knowledge.

Although Mrs. Beauchamp was an admirer of everything beautiful, she also possessed a faculty for matters that were practical. She argued with her husband that although flowers were beautiful, you could not eat them, and thought it very foolish in him to pay out his last cent when they needed so many other things.

Paul endeavored to pacify his wife by representing to her the intrinsic value of the plants. He expressed hopes of disposing of a number to Mr. Chase, whom he had recently solicited.

Mrs. Beauchamp reminded her husband that it was a week since they had buried Pip, and the undertaker had not yet been paid.

During this conversation Amalie amused herself at the window tearing little slips of paper on which she scribbled something, and then opening a window, placed them on the sill. After watching them awhile she came running to her mother, exclaiming:

"Mamma, I wrote some letters to my angel brother and put them outside of the window, when God came and took them up to heaven."

"Did you, dear? Would you like to go to heaven and see your little brother again—little Pip?"

Amalie had unconsciously given her little brother, whose real name was Clifford, the more appropriate name of Pip. She hesitated a few seconds and then answered her mother by asking: "And leave you all alone? you good mamma?"

Amalie strengthened this last remark by throwing her little arms around her mother's neck and hugging her; then in an endearing tone of childlike simplicity and sympathy she asked:

"Mamma, why are you crying?"

"I miss our little brother."

"Is n't heaven a pretty place?"

"Yes, dear."

"And is n't our little brother in heaven?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then, why do you cry? I won't leave you, my good mamma."

There was something touchingly beautiful in the love and devotion that this little child exhibited toward her mother. How many wise sayings are unconsciously expressed by many of these little ones, which are a puzzle and a mystery to philosophers and sages.

"That's right," responded Paul Beauchamp, approaching his wife and daughter and throwing his arms about them and hugging both to his bosom; "that's right, Amalie—don't leave our mamma; you know papa must go out and make money to buy something to eat and something—"

Paul had not finished the sentence when there was a knock at the door. Hastening to the door, he admitted Mr. and Mrs. Hezekiah Clay.

"Mr. Beauchamp," said Mr. Clay, "we have come to see some of the rare plants of which you were talking to Mr. Chase," and then turning to Mrs. Beauchamp, he expressed his sympathy for her in her sad affliction.

"We must learn to bear our loss patiently," replied Mrs. Beauchamp.

Mrs. Clay, on entering the room, was greeted by little Amalie running into her arms:

"How is my little rosebud?"

"Mrs. Clay, I had a little brother, and God came and took him away."

"Shall we walk over to the green-house?" hastily inquired Paul Beauchamp. "I will show you some beauties in the way of rare plants, the like of which you will not find in Shaw's garden at St. Louis."

"I will remain here and keep Mrs. Beauchamp company, and entertain myself with little Amalie," replied Mrs. Clay.

Mr. Clay then begged Mrs. Clay to accompany him, as he preferred to have her help in making a selection of flowers. Mrs. Clay then took Amalie off her knees and placed her before her, remarking, as she left: "I will see you again, little one."

On their way to the green-house Paul continued: "I was in St. Louis last summer and visited Shaw's garden. Mr. Shaw was very courteous to me. In taking me through his garden I unfortunately betrayed to him a

knowledge of the language of flowers. This seemed positively to shock him. He thereupon informed me that he had only created the garden in the interest of botanical science, and that he had no use for sentiment. I tried to convince him that all the different perfumes were suggestive of as many different ideas. I also endeavored to convince him that the sense of smell was not second to the sense of sight. Wordsworth could see and admire flowers, but could not enjoy their perfume. Homer enjoyed their perfume, but could not see their beauty."

The party arrived at the green-house, when Paul, picking up a johnny-jump-up, continued:

"Here, you lazy little fellow, wake up and make a bow to the lady."

"Just look at this beautiful cactus," exclaimed Mrs. Clay, admiringly.

"That is the Nopal," said Paul, "in which there are millions of little red insects (coccus cacti). It is from this source that we obtain the cochineal, from which the bright carmine is produced, which color is so valued by artists."

"I will take that," remarked Mr. Clay. "And what is the name of this odd-looking plant?"

"That—the simplified botanical name is the skunkibus stinkibus, a very beautiful flower when in bloom, but then I would advise you to keep it out doors—some distance from the house—as the odor arising from it is similar to a dead rat."*

"You may also send that," said Mr. Clay.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay now made a selection of plants. Paul had some interesting and instructive remarks to make about each one that was inquired about.

Returning to the house they were admitted by little Amalie, who had been patiently waiting for the return of Mrs. Clay, with whom she had become a great favorite.

Mr. Clay inquired of Paul: "What is the amount of my indebtedness?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

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*Arum Dracunculus. The root of that species which is vulgarly named Cuckoo Pint and its spadixes, Lords and Ladies, is eatable when properly prepared. What is called Portland Sago is prepared from it. The emanations of Arum Dracunculus, when in flower, produce dizziness, headache and vomiting.

Then taking from his wallet a roll of greenbacks and counting, as he supposed, twenty-five dollars, Mr. Clay handed them to Paul, who, after recounting the money, returned five dollars.

Mr. Clay thanked Paul for his honesty, and before leaving again expressed his sympathy for Mrs. Beauchamp, in which he was joined by Mrs. Clay, who threw her arms about little Amalie and promised her that she would soon come again and take her and her mother riding.

A MINSTREL PERFORMANCE.

THE 22d of February, 18—, Washington's birthday, will long be remembered by many inhabitants of Hazeldel. The new opera-house, library and debating club was to be formally opened by an amateur minstrel performance in honor of the father of our country's anniversary.

The Hon. Esau Cain donated the ground, but came near proving himself an Indian giver when the name he suggested, Cosmos, was not adopted, and instead the less pretentious one of Hazeldel Debating Club was decided upon.

The Hon. Esau Cain was an advocate of brevity, as he considered it to be the soul of wit. Many persons who in conversation resorted to a circumlocutional manner of expressing themselves were silenced by him, in the midst of their sentences, by one little word, "condense," which he uttered in a deep and stentorian voice. It was, therefore, some little time before he became reconciled to the adoption of Hazeldel Debating Club in preference to his briefer suggestion of Cosmos.

The building, consisting of two stories, in its gothic style of architecture, resembled a church minus a steeple. The lower floor was elegantly furnished with the most expensive Brussels carpets, unique tables, some of which were laden with magazines and illustrated papers, while others were supplied with chess, backgammon and other games. The chairs were of elegant pattern and covered with Russia leather. The windows were ornamented with damask lambrequins and lace curtains, and last, but not the least attractive feature, was an elegantly carved bookcase extending the whole width of the room.

Long before the time for the performance to begin, the people congregated, stopping in the lower hall to inspect and admire the home-like rendezvous before ascending to the large hall above.

Prof. Jacob Abel had charge of the musical part of the programme. He also determined to have the Anvil Chorus performed in first-class style, and invited Alexander Wildwood, Theodore Snap and Romeo Hopsing to be present.

On this eventful evening Prof. Abel's bald

head was, if anything, more resplendent than usual. Whenever he wanted an idea to strike him, he would scratch his head from force of habit; or when, during rehearsals, the singers and performers would prove themselves dull of comprehension, he would resort to the same habit of scratching his head as a means of pacifying his impatience. It is, therefore, not surprising, taking everything into consideration, that Prof. Jacob Abel's head resembled a large and highly-polished boiled lobster.

Theodore Snap acted as middle man, Alfred Marquette played the bones, and Albert Rosenbusch, who came on purpose from St. Louis, played the tambourine.

Prof. Jacob Abel led with his violin. The opening chorus, Ernani, performed, Snap called on Marquette and asked him the following conundrum:

"Why does a chicken walk across the street?"

"Because it can't climb a tree. I give it up. Why does a chicken walk across the street?"

"Because it wants to get on the other side."

Theodore Snap then announced the second

number, "The Old Church Bell," which was very acceptably sung by Alfred Marquette, who was greeted with warm applause.

Alfred Marquette now asked Theodore Snap the following conundrum:

"What makes more noise than two little pigs under a gate?"

"An elephant."

"No."

"A steam-engine."

"No."

"A cyclone."

"No."

"A kazoo."

"No."

"I give it up. What makes more noise than two little pigs under a gate?"

"Three little pigs."

Theodore Snap now announced "Auf Wiedersehen," which he sang with intense feeling and expression. Being encored, he responded with the last verse.

Mr. Rosenbusch now propounded to Mr. Marquette this conundrum:

"What smells most in a drug store?"

But before Mr. Marquette had time to an-

swer, a young boy in the audience exclaimed, in a tone expressive of a feeling of the utmost contempt and disappointment:

"Cheese it, old chestnuts!"

Finally they came to the last number of part first. Prof. Abel had supplied one of the musicians with a flat-iron, a hatchet and a tack-hammer; another he provided with an immense bass drum, and placing Romeo Hopsing behind the scenes, provided him with a muffled bass drum, to be used as an echo to the great drum.

Mr. Alexander Wildwood, seated among the audience, making notes for the morning paper, again became possessed with a desire to take part in the performance with his pistol, but he remained true to his promise and left his revolver at home. Recalling his performance at the Tremont House, Mr. Wildwood became lost in musing, when he was restored to consciousness by what he supposed to be the firing of cannon.

The deception was perfect, the echo adding to the realistic illusion.

The audience went wild, as if carried by storm. At the repetition of the part where

the anvil is again introduced, every one in the house applauded, keeping time with the great drum.

When the performance was concluded, Prof. Jacob Abel accompanied the trio to the depot, Mr. Wildwood remarking to him before leaving:

"Why, sir, you have produced a more natural effect with artificial means than I would have believed possible."

TEMPEST IN A TEA-POT.

DOMINÆ DINKSKIRCHEN went to the minstrel performance. It was the first time in his life that he had ever seen anything of the kind. To say that he was shocked would not adequately express his feeling of disgust. He did not think it possible that white people could so far forget all sense of decency and decorum as to dishonor their noble race by blacking their faces, nor could he understand why the audience should laugh at such coarse and vulgar jokes; they simply horrified him.

It is, therefore, not surprising that the following Sunday found the Domine Dinkskirchen in anything but an amiable mood. During the course of his sermon he took occasion to inform his hearers that the devil was among them and they were not aware of it.

The Domine also remembered that Prof. Abel had betrayed a weakness for the soprano of the choir, Miss Rosamond Cain, by showing his partiality for her in having her frequently sing a solo during collection.

The Domine was a keen observer. He also noticed that this was not the only weakness that the professor betrayed. The Domine was aware that Hon. Esau Cain would not permit Prof. Jacob Abel to come into his house, and, as a result of this species of paternal severity, the professor courted Miss Rosamond at the church, instead of violating her father's stern mandate.

In tragic tones, the Domine repeated: "The devil is among you, and you are not aware of it." Then gradually drifting toward the subject of music, he continued: "There will be no solo singing in heaven."

Prof. Jacob Abel's bald head now assumed an alabaster hue, resembling a large-sized billiard ball, while his cheeks glowed with a hectic flush. He could not quite agree with the Domine; it is therefore not surprising that during the collection, which immediately followed the sermon, Miss Rosamond Cain sang, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Her voice was unusually pathetic and she seemed to feel every note that she sang.

Theodore Snap was among the congregation. At the request of Alfred Mar-

quette, Mr. Snap went to Hazeldel to pass Sunday.

Mother Marquette and her sister, Aunt Sallie, went to Hazeldel years ago, for the purpose of viewing a homestead. The owner, a former Louisiana planter, became weary of American manners and customs and concluded to go to Paris for a permanent residence. He therefore commissioned a real estate broker to dispose of his property.

The house was located at the foot of a gradually sloping hill, a two-and-a-half-story frame building, a large hall in the center, running the whole length of the building, the front protected with a wide porch, extending the width of the building and protected by a tin-covered roof. The floor of the porch was elevated five steps from the ground. The view from the roof of the front porch was exceedingly picturesque. Gradually sloping hills on each side, a creek to the right and another creek at the left, formed a triangular lawn, which terminated in a ravine, where the two creeks met before flowing into the lake. A portion of the lawn was encircled with cedars, another portion with oval flower-

beds, honeysuckle vines perfumed and shaded the library, and gravel promenades ran in a labyrinth of windings. At the rear of the building an apple and pear orchard, grape arbor and garden.

Mother Marquette and Aunt Sallie were completely charmed with the place and bought the homestead. Mr. Marquette, traveling for a Cincinnati publishing house, was rarely at home. The first two years found him only three times with his family. Near the end of the third year Hazeldel had a sensation from which it did not recover for many years.

One Sunday morning the village was thrown into a frenzy of excitement. The report of a murder spread like a prairie fire. Mr. Marquette had been murdered the previous evening, near his home. Battered nearly out of all recognition, his body was only identified by a watch found on his person, a birthday gift, which his wife had presented to him before their marriage.

A superstitious person would not have possessed sufficient nerve to dwell at Mother Marquette's beautiful home. For years they were tantalized with mysterious rappings at the

front door. Some unknown agency would rattle the door-knob, give three firm raps, and although Alfred had frequently hastened to the door as soon as he heard the sound, he never succeeded in seeing any one or discovering the source from whence the knocking originated.

Theodore became charmed with Miss Rosamond's voice. After the services, while on their way to Mother Marquette's, Theodore went into raptures over Miss Rosamond's singing. Alfred was highly gratified with Theodore's eulogy, and casually suggested that after dinner they call on the fair Rosamond.

Theodore needed no second invitation. As soon as they had dined and smoked their cigars, these two young men hastened to the residence of the Hon. Esau Cain.

The Hon. Esau Cain was seated at the bay-window, which commanded a beautiful view. He had just re-read for the five hundredth time the Songs of Solomon, and placed the book on his knee, when, looking out of the window, he saw Alfred Marquette and another young man coming up the lawn. He hastened

to the door, and from the threshold awaited their approach.

"Mr. Cain, I have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Theodore Snap, a rising young attorney from Chicago."

"Happy to make your acquaintance, sir! I believe I had the pleasure of hearing you at our minstrel performance."

"Unfortunately."

"At my request," said Alfred, "Mr. Snap went with me to hear Domine Dinkskirchen."

"In consequence of which I hope, sir, that Mr. Snap will not become filled with remorse," said Mr. Cain.

"That would be impossible," said Theodore Snap, "after listening to the beautiful singing of your daughter, Miss Rosamond."

"Have seats, gentlemen. Make yourselves at home. Consider this house as your own."

Miss Rosamond now entered the room, and betrayed surprise at not finding her father alone.

"Speak of angels," said Alfred, attempting an original compliment, "and you hear the flutter of—"

"Condense!" interrupted the Hon. Esau

Cain, picking up his Songs of Solomon and adjourning to the library.

"Miss Cain, permit me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Theodore Snap."

"Happy to make your acquaintance. You were one of our minstrels, I believe. I enjoyed your singing of the beautiful song, Auf Wiedersehen, ever so much."

"And I confess I was deeply moved with your solo, and heartily sympathize with you."

"I was under the impression that you were hit fully as hard as myself. It is a way our domine has—to make us feel our utter insignificance, I suppose."

"This is certainly a very philosophical way of looking at it," remarked Alfred.

"I beg to differ with you," replied Theodore. "It would be preferable to dispense with our minstrel performances, with their rude jokes, instead of depriving the house of God of so admirable a method of worship."

"But we must not forget," continued Miss Rosamond, "that there is a time and place to laugh, as well as weep and pray."

"Very true," assented Mr. Snap.

"While I think of it, since we have a tenor,

let us sing the trio from Atilla," suggested Alfred Marquette.

Miss Rosamond thereupon gets the music, gives Snap and Marquette each a copy, places the third copy on the piano before her and begins the introduction. She pauses after singing the first bar to clear her throat with a few suppressed coughs, then begins again and sings the solo with considerable fervor.

Snap now begins his solo, and stops at the first bar to clear his throat by coughing most vigorously; begins again and sings with unusual pathos.

Marquette's solo follows the tenor's, but, profiting from the failures of the soprano and tenor, does his coughing two bars in advance of his solo.

During the singing of the trio, the Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain enters the room, and throwing two hundred and thirty-eight pounds of flesh (authors are expected, on all occasions, to be precise and state only the exact truth) into an easy-chair, listens to the music, her face glowing with maternal pride and enthusiasm. At the last sound of the singing Mrs. Cain applauded vigorously and exclaimed: "Bravo! bravo!"

Miss Rosamond now introduced Mr. Theodore Snap to her mother as being Alfred Marquette's friend.

The Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain then arose from her comfortable easy-chair and greeted Theodore in this unique manner:

"Welcome, Mr. Snap, to 'Hornet's Nest!'" This is what she had named her place. "My cook has just baked some excellent doughnuts; will not Mr. Snap and our friend Alfred have some, with a glass of sweet cider?"

"I can safely answer for Mr. Snap and myself," replied Alfred Marquette, "that we will only be too happy to partake of your hospitality."

The Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain then repeated her performance on her Egyptian telephone and the refreshments were served.

Mr. Theodore Snap now approached the Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain, and seating himself upon an ottoman, which he gently kicked at her feet, remarked:

"My dear madam, you certainly have a very original way of making your wants known."

"Do you really think so? Well, you see,

my dear Mr. Snap, I invented this method in self-defense. I used to make myself hoarse calling the servants."

"The idea is certainly a good one, and deserves to be patented."

"Now, that would be an excellent idea for yon lawyers," derisively said Alfred Marquette, "and if acted on would prove very beneficial to your profession. It would keep you busy fighting the infringements."

"But I will not have my invention patented," replied the Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain; "the public is at liberty to use it."

"I see," said Mr. Snap, "you are inclined to become a benefactor of your race."

"Mr. Snap," said Alfred Marquette, vehemently, addressing Theodore, "with our present existing patent laws, or international copyright laws, what encouragement is there to inventors?"

"Every encouragement," replied Mr. Snap, "providing you have something entirely new."

"But have not whistles existed from time immemorial?"

"Certainly; so also has steam; but the application, the use to which it is put, is comparatively modern."

"Gentlemen," interrupted Miss Rosamond, "if you will discontinue this conversation I will play a new piece of music which I have recently learned and which I believe will interest you."

"What is the name of the piece?" inquired Theodore Snap.

"A Tempest in a Tea-pot."

"A Tempest in a Tea-pot," repeated Alfred Marquette; "very appropriate."

Miss Rosamond then performed Strakosch's humorous composition, after which she requested Mr. Theodore Snap to favor them with "Auf Wiedersehen," but remembering that she could not play the accompaniment, substituted "Good-by Little Kathleen," which Mr. Snap sang with considerable warmth, and then requested Mr. Alfred Marquette to also favor them with some vocal music.

Mr. Marquette selected "The Heart Bowed Down," and sang with unusual depth of expression. Had Balfe, the composer, or the singing statesman, been present, they would have dissolved in tears.

ROSES.

IT was the 28th of March. The old adage, "Come in like a lion, go out like a lamb," had been verified, for a more beautiful balmy spring day never breathed. The trees of Hazeldel were melodious with the song of the robin, and nature seemed to have awakened from a delicious dream.

When Ernest Hirsch arrived at Paul Beauchamp's green-house he found him very much depressed in spirits. The preceding day Paul discovered in an isolated corner of his green-house a new plant which was a marvel as a botanical freak of nature, an *ivy-primrose*, a plant composed of ivy leaves and primrose blossoms.

Paul concluded that this wonderful plant would please Mr. Hezekiah Clay if he were invited to call and see this floral wedlock.

Paul felt certain that Mr. Clay would give vent to his feelings in a very ecstatic manner. When, therefore, Mr. Clay called, and Paul, with a childlike delight, pointed out the plant

to him, his ardor became considerably chilled when Mr. Clay simply asked:

"Is that it?"

This was more than Paul could endure. He immediately ordered Mr. Hezekiah Clay to get out of his green-house and never venture to return.

Paul soon regretted his harsh words. Returning to his cottage, he informed his wife of what had occurred, in return for which Mrs. Beauchamp gave him a very sensible lecture, but prudently waited until dinner was over before doing so.

"I remember," continued Paul, "how kind he and Mrs. Clay were, but I could not control myself, and for once lost my head."

It is, therefore, not surprising that Mr. Ernest Hirsch found Paul looking somewhat dejected, and, inquiring the reason, Paul repeated to him the little episode with Mr. Clay.

"Let me see the plant that has caused you so much distress."

Paul conducted Mr. Hirsch to the south side of the green-house and with pride pointed to the gem.

"Now, this is beautiful. I will take it and

present it to a lady who, I am sure, will fully appreciate the gift."

Paul carried the plant to Mr. Hirsch's buggy, who started off rejoicing on his way to Mr. Enoch Chase's country home.

When Ernest Hirsch arrived at the two-mile toll-gate, which is half way to Mr. Chase's, he met Mr. and Mrs. Chase, who, in their carriage, were coming to the village. Ernest's first impulse was to return, but being informed by Mrs. Chase that Eleanore was at home, continued his journey.

Arriving at their home, he took his floral treasure from the buggy, and, ascending the stairs of the piazza, soon reached the door.

Miss Eleanore, in her white spotted blue calico dress, a towel fastened to her head Egyptian style, a broom in her hand and a dust can under her arm, looked even more bewitchingly beautiful than in her silks and laces at Miss Rosamond Cain's party.

"Oh, I was not expecting you, Mr. Hirsch. I have been putting the library in order; had the carpet taken up and am nearly through. What a beautiful flower!"

"Yes, I thought you would be pleased with it."

"Let us go into the library," suggested Eleanore, "and put the plant in the bay-window, where it will get plenty of sunshine."

"I knew that you would appreciate it."

"Indeed, I do. Why, this is the first primrose that I have ever seen with ivy leaves!"

Ernest then narrated to Miss Chase the story of Paul Beauchamp in connection with the plant, and what a narrow escape Mr. Clay had from being forcibly ejected from the green-house.

"That must have been very ludicrous," laughingly remarked Miss Chase.

"I pacified Paul by assuring him that I knew a lady who would appreciate its worth."

"I shall value it the more since there is such an amusing little history connected with it."

Ernest Hirsch seated himself near the table, and taking a book which lay within his reach examined the title and audibly said:

"Walden—Thoreau."

"I have just recently read the book," remarked Miss Chase, "and was forcibly reminded, by the author, of yourself in his love for solitude."

"Thanks! I have also recently read Walden, and was very much pleased with Thoreau's description of the battle of the ants—the combat between the black imperialists and red republicans; it reminded me of the battles that Homer describes in his Iliad. What pleased you best?"

"Why, next to the beauty that he saw in dead leaves, there is—wait till I get the book—something about a miracle—oh, yes; here it is: 'Could a greater miracle take place than for us to look through each other's eyes an instant? We should live in all the ages of the world in an hour; aye, in all the worlds of ages, history, poety, mythology! I know of no reading of another's experience so startling and informing as this would be.'"

"Poor fellow!" said Ernest, rising. "Thoreau must have met a Haidee at some time of his life and imagined himself a Don Juan. Well, I must be off. Good-by."

"Must you go so soon?"

There was something indescribably pathetic in the quality of voice with which this question was asked. Miss Eleanore did not possess the tact of fully concealing her emotion,

and when her inquiring eyes, expressive of wounded surprise, met those of Mr. Hirsch, it was with the greatest difficulty that he restrained himself from throwing his arms about her, and by hugging and kissing declare to her how deeply and passionately he loved her. He simply replied:

"Yes; I will see you again."

Mr. Hirsch had not been gone very long before he regretted his hasty departure. He consoled himself, however, with the hope that it would not be very long before he would again see Miss Eleanore. He firmly resolved to make Miss Eleanore his wife. He believed that what is to be will be. There was nothing that Ernest so utterly abhorred as trifling with a true woman's affection. Ernest, however, was not entirely free from error. Was it the demon *Pride* that urged him to leave his loved one so abruptly? Was it the slave *Cowardice* that prevented him from being a man and throwing his arms about Eleanore's neck, declaring his love and asking her to be his wife? Had not the tyrant *Doubt* sufficiently schooled him for life's battle? Ernest entertained peculiar views regarding equality.

He knew that Eleanore would inherit five million dollars, compared to which his few hundred thousand seemed insignificant. He therefore resolved to become her equal in every sense of the word, and determined upon going to Chicago the following day and engage in grain speculation.

It was near sunset. The clouds never seemed so beautiful to Ernest; the atmosphere seemed impregnated with a strange and intoxicating perfume, which seemed so real and yet so unreal when vainly endeavoring to locate the place or name the plant from which a similar perfume emanated. It seemed to Ernest that he had just awakened from a prolonged sleep and had suddenly been transported to an enchanted land. The violent beatings of his heart and the blood coursing rapidly through his veins caused him involuntarily to shiver.

Ernest was aroused from this train of thought by the peculiar antics of his horse, which began backing and had almost upset the buggy. Hastily jumping out, Ernest ran before Topsy, and, with a few kind words and gentle strokes, soon had the frightened animal—whose beau-

tiful, large, fiery eyes looked bewildered and apprehensive, as if some phantom had appeared to her—restored to her usual tranquillity. Then, straightening the buggy, Ernest resumed his seat and hastened on his homeward journey.

ORIENTAL EUCHRE.

THEODORE SNAP awoke one morning and found himself famous. He was at Alfred Marquette's home. Had not the Hon. Esau Cain said to him, "Consider this house your own?" And why should any one be surprised that Theodore passed many a Sunday with his friend Alfred? It was Monday morning. Theodore had again gone to Hazeldel to visit his friend Alfred, and as there were no trains leaving Hazeldel on Sunday evening for Chicago, he had no other alternative than to remain all night.

The way Theodore gained renown was this: Mr. Albert Rosenbusch arrived at the conclusion that he had been wrongfully imprisoned. He brought suit against the city of Chicago for false imprisonment, claiming fifty thousand dollars damages. He engaged Theodore Snap as his attorney. Mr. Snap secured the assistance of two eminent criminal lawyers, and thus won the case.

Alfred Marquette had, on this particular Monday morning, risen somewhat earlier than

usual, and when Theodore Snap went down into the library he was greeted by Alfred, who handed him the morning paper.

Theodore, in glancing at the first page, found it entirely devoted to the trial of his client. Mr. Snap's speech to the jury was published in full. For forcible sarcasm and elegant rhetoric it was agreed that it had never been equaled.

The papers teemed with eulogies at the discovery of a new luminary in the legal firmament.

Alfred Marquette felt highly rejoiced and congratulated his friend.

Mother Marquette and Aunt Sallie, whose natural characteristics were humility, felt a tinge of pride for having harbored so distinguished a guest.

When Theodore Snap arrived at Chicago he found Alexander Wildwood and Romeo Hopsing at the depot to meet him. Hopsing was exceedingly delighted at Snap's success, while Alexander admitted that it was better than throwing law to the dogs and becoming an itinerant peddler.

Alexander and Romeo vied with each other

in attributing to themselves, to a certain extent, the credit for Theodore's fame. Romeo claimed that it was owing to his advice, while Alexander persisted in maintaining that, only for the firing of his pistol, Theodore would never have had the opportunity of exhibiting his genius for the law.

It would have been difficult, if not impossible, to have found anywhere a more joyful and exuberant trio, overflowing with animal spirits, wending their way toward Mr. Snap's law office.

Looking ahead, Romeo's attention was attracted by a stray cow, feeding from a barrel in front of a restaurant. Near the barrel was a large box of oyster shells and tin cans. Adjoining the restaurant was a grocery, in front of which was a conspicuous placard, advertising the fact that they there kept for sale "dried apples, crackers and rope."

One of these articles was precisely what Romeo wanted. Pausing before the appetizing placard, he requested his companions to wait awhile, and assured them that they would have some fun. He then procured some rope and tied a number of oyster cans together,

and then cautiously approaching the unsuspecting cow, he fastened them to her tail and started her off on a run.

The frightened animal rushed through the street as if propelled by a cyclone, upsetting a man who was pushing a hand-cart, and thereby causing a crowd of street gamins and spectators a deal of merriment.

An Irish woman, carrying a large basket filled with enough provender to start a small-sized market, expressed her belief that the cow belcnged to Mrs. O'Leary, and she thought it was "a bloody mane trick to frighten the poor bayst so."

The trio finally arrived at Mr. Snap's office. Before dispersing they agreed to meet at their room at eight o'clock P. M. Mr. Wildwood promised to introduce a new game of cards, and Romeo was commissioned to invite Mr. Nicholas Meloman.

Mr. Theodore Snap became very favorably impressed with Miss Rosamond's performance of "The Tempest in a Tea-pot," and determined to procure a copy. He went to four music stores, and had almost despaired, when trying a fifth time he succeeded.

When Alexander Wildwood and Romeo Hopsing arrived at their room they found that Theodore Snap had preceded them. Alexander took off his overcoat and hat and carelessly threw them over the bed, while Romeo carefully put his coat and hat in the wardrobe.

Referring to the trick that Romeo played on Mrs. O'Leary's cow, Alexander expressed a fear that Romeo would never set the world on fire with such performances.

"I did it principally to amuse Theodore," replied Romeo, "he seemed somewhat oppressed from the weight of fame."

"Well," remarked Theodore, "I enjoyed it immensely. Did you see Mr. Meloman, Romeo?"

"Yes; he will be here at half-past eight. He is going to return to St. Petersburg."

"Why so?" asked Theodore, in amazement.

"Well, it seems that what has proved to be the source of your success, has acted quite disastrously in Mr. Meloman's case."

Alexander looked astonished and asked: "What do you mean, Romeo?"

"Only this, that ever since Mr. Meloman

was ordered to leave the Tremont House on account of your unbridled enthusiasm, the good people of Chicago have lost faith in him and have withdrawn their patronage so that he has but few pupils."

"He ought not become discouraged. Why don't he advertise in the papers and make his wants known?"

"That is just where the difficulty lies. Several months ago he did advertise in all the papers, but with the most perplexing results."

"How so?" inquired Theodore.

"Well, now, Mr. Snap, as there is a probability of your becoming some day a judge of the Supreme Court, I want to ask you a very simple question: If you were a music teacher would you accept every one that applied to you as a pupil?"

"Well—that depends."

"Precisely; providing you would not be deprived of that great boon and prerogative of your profession—asking questions."

"I see; well, Romeo, I think under certain conditions I should not take every one."

"Now, that is precisely wherein the diffi-

culty lies. Mr. Meloman has refused at least forty—the result of his advertising."

"But, my dear boy," remarked Alexander, "it does not necessarily follow that such would invariably be the case."

"No, but Mr. Meloman simply judges from his personal experience. He is not anxious to make a martyr of himself for your folly, nor will he be forced to teach any one against his will. He is perfectly satisfied with Chicago, but prefers to return to his own country in the far North."

"There he is," said Alexander, and going to the door admitted Mr. Meloman.

"Good evening, gentlemen. Mr. Snap, permit me to congratulate you."

"Don't mention it."

Mr. Wildwood now suggested as it was nearly nine o'clock, that they proceed to their new game of cards. "Theodore, take your hat and coat off the table. Mr. Meloman, have a seat."

"What is the name of the new game that you propose to teach us?" inquired Mr. Meloman.

"Oriental euchre."

"Oriental euchre," repeated Mr. Snap, "whoever heard of that?"

"How is it played?" inquired Romeo.

"Now, if you will just keep quiet a few minutes and listen I will explain. You may remember that the last time we met when Mr. Meloman left I suggested that it would be a good idea to adopt the Brahmin plan of dividing society into four different castes: Brâhmana, Kshatriya, Vaisya and Sûdra. These four castes will be represented by the four kinds of cards, viz., diamonds, clubs, hearts and spades.

"The cards are thoroughly shuffled and dealt one at a time, beginning from the left.

"When they have all been dealt, the one that gets the most diamonds is a Brâhmana; the one that gets the most clubs becomes a Kshatriya; the one to whom hearts become most numerous develops into a Vaisya, and he who receives the largest number of spades assumes the less dignified title of Sûdra.

"Brâhmana is synonymous with Think.
Kshatriya is synonymous with Fight.
Vaisya is synonymous with Beg.
Sûdra is synonymous with Work.

"The cards are then dealt for partners. The first two of a like denomination become partners."

The cards were now dealt for colors and resulted in the quartette standing thus:

Wildwood: Diamonds—Brâhmana, Think.

Hopsing: Clubs—Kshatriya, Fight.

Snap: Hearts—Vaisya, Beg.

Meloman: Spades—Sûdra, Work.

The cards were then dealt for partners and resulted in Wildwood and Meloman becoming paired against Snap and Hopsing.

In cutting for the deal the lot fell to Mr. Snap, whom Mr. Wildwood instructed to deal to each seven cards, the first two rounds two cards, and the third and last round three cards to each player.

It required four tricks to make a point. If you euchred your opponent or made a march it counted two points. In playing a lone hand, if you made a march or euchred your opponent, you scored four points.

When Mr. Snap dealt the cards as instructed, he remarked to Mr. Wildwood:

"Most worthy Brâhmana, I suppose that you are perfectly contented with the exalted

position that the cards have assigned to you, and that you fully agree that diamonds are synonymous with thought."

"Illustrious Vaisya, I am firmly established in the belief that the mind should rule the body."

"And I," emphatically remarked Mr. Snap, "consider it the grandest honor to have the privilege of begging and pleading."

"Yes," added Hopsing, "and if you will not listen to my honorable partner's gentle voice, I will glory in the duty assigned to me of fighting."

"And by so doing," replied Mr. Meloman, "you, my glorious Kshatriya, will furnish me with what I most delight in—work."

"Will the Vaisya turn the trump?" suggested the Brâhmana.

They now began. It was Mr. Meloman's first lead. He lead the nine spot of hearts, which Mr. Snap captured with the ten of hearts and considered it a cheap trick.

Mr. Snap then lead the ten of clubs. Mr. Meloman followed with the five of spades. Mr. Hopsing threw down the nine of clubs, and Mr. Wildwood put down the eight of

clubs, remarking as he did so: "Spades are trumps."

"But you did not take that trick," replied Snap, "you old quintessence of rarified frigidity."

"If my head is cold," replied Mr. Wildwood, "you will find that my feet are pretty warm."

"But not warm enough to burn my cold hands," and, suiting the action to the words, Romeo seized Alexander by the feet and stood him on his head. Mr. Meloman came to his partner's rescue, while Snap also took part in the general scuffle.

Panting and gasping for breath, Mr. Wildwood resumed:

"You don't seem to catch on—you took the wrong pig by the ear."

"Oh, I see;" answered Romeo, "you expect the Sûdra to take all the tricks, while the Brâhmana looks on in silent meditation."

"You did the proper thing," remarked Snap. "It is an essential requisite for a Brâhmana to have his head firmly rooted in the earth, with his feet toward the sky. That is the way that he grows."

"If that is the case, my illustrious Vaisya," replied Mr. Meloman, "permit me to express my sincere gratitude for my fundamental support."

Condolingly addressing Mr. Snap, Romeo remarked:

"Don't look so disheartened, my dear Vaisya; a cannon ball will bring him down to terra firma—that will make him leave his home in the sky."

Addressing Mr. Meloman, Snap remarked:

"Your lead, etherial Sûdra."

"Here is the ace of your insignia," responded Mr. Meloman.

Romeo played the queen, and remarked that he would let his partner trump it.

"Mr. Wildwood followed with the jack.

"Well, I suppose," said Snap, "that I must follow suit with my king."

"Now, that is what I call a cheap trick," said Wildwood, sarcastically.

"Lead on Macduff, and cursed be he who first cries enough!" exclaimed Snap.

"Here is the ace of diamonds," continued Mr. Meloman.

"And here is the ace of clubs," responded

Romeo. "Your partner will follow suit; he surely won't go back on his colors."

"Not on general principles," answered Wildwood; "but when a Brâhmana's emblem is entrusted to a Sûdra you may expect a change of tactics. Here is the jack of clubs."

"Put on your right bower," said Romeo.

"There is no use," mournfully replied Theodore; "I must follow suit with my queen of diamonds."

"Euchre!" exclaimed Wildwood.

"Most glorious and heroic Kshatriya," said Meloman, addressing Hopsing, "I had fully despaired when I found that my partner, our most worthy Brâhmana, had been upset—his head firmly rooted in the ground, his feet toward the sky, forming a fundamental support for the Sûdra, of whom, owing to his reversed and exalted position, so much was exacted. I repeat that I had fully despaired, but when you suggested to fire a cannon, you awakened me. I felt in duty bound to return from my etherial realm and meet you with your own weapons. Do you know that I should deeply regret to be called upon to play your funeral march?"

"Oh, I have something better than that," said Snap, jumping up from his seat. "Wait till I get a piece of music that I heard Miss Rosamond Cain play the other day. Here it is. Mr. Meloman, please look at it."

"What is the name of it?" inquired Alexander.

"A Tempest in a Tea-pot," replied Mr. Meloman.

"Very clever," remarked Romeo.

"That is precisely what I thought when I heard Miss Rosamond play it," said Theodore.

"You observe, Mr. Meloman, that our companion has a weakness for the fair sex," said Alexander, apologizingly.

"I admit that I have, and glory in it," replied Theodore. "I have a sort of a vague notion that this very weakness will, some day, prove my greatest strength."

Mr. Meloman then played the "Tempest in a Tea-pot" with considerable gusto. Before leaving, he performed one of his transcriptions on a Russian national melody, and concluded with Beethoven's Shoo-fly sonata.

THORNS.

ERNEST went to Chicago, and was successful the first week; he nearly doubled his capital, and felt new-born and in excellent spirits. Comparing the animated struggle for existence at the Chamber of Commerce and the Board of Trade with his solitary life, he wondered how he could have endured his confinement for so long a time.

At the end of the second week Ernest lost more than he had gained during the first week, and at the end of the third week Ernest found himself bankrupt.

The following week Ernest Hirsch called at Paul Beauchamp's and requested him to make a bouquet, and when Ernest asked what the charges were, on being informed that they amounted to one dollar, he gave Paul the last dollar that he possessed.

A few hours later Ernest found himself at Mr. Chase's, absolutely penniless.

Miss Eleanore was unusually radiant and happy to see Ernest on this particular morning, and when he presented her with the bou-

quet Miss Eleanore could not conceal her sympathy for Ernest's misfortune.

Did Ernest deserve any sympathy? He conquered the demon *Pride*, and was now determined that the slave *Cowardice* should not prevent him from doing his duty. Ernest had in mind a beautiful oil-painting representing our christian martyrs in the Roman arena offering up prayers before being sacrificed to the wild beasts. How fierce and powerful the lion appears. At the right of him see the poorly-clad, venerable hero standing erect, his right hand raised toward heaven; his face betrays no fear—but look at the faces of the men and women kneeling about him. See the agony and terror of the beastly death that is awaiting them depicted in their countenances.

Do our anglomaniacs deserve sympathy for being dazzled by the pomp and splendor of royalty and euphonious titles, and so far forgetting themselves as noble American freemen as to express a wish for a similar state of affairs in our own beloved land?

Are we quite certain that, with over twenty-one million acres of our land owned by En-

glish lords and syndicates, we will always enjoy the liberty and freedom for which thousands of our American martyrs have sacrificed their lives?

Does the American colony of bankers and absconders in Canada deserve sympathy?

"I have regretted," said Ernest, "leaving you so hastily the last time that I called; but unfortunately I became possessed with a congestion of ideas, and under the circumstances concluded that the best thing for me to do would be to get out into the open air, where I could breathe more freely."

"Are you jesting?" inquired Eleanore, doubtingly.

"No, I am seriously in earnest. Ever since I first met you I have been haunted with your sweet, sad face. You may call it love. Whatever it is, I know it to be a power stronger than myself."

"And if you should ever lose faith in that power, it were better if we had never met."

Eleanore then took a volume of Jean Ingelow's poems and read the following:

"The snow lies white,
The moon shines bright,
I 'll out to the freezing mere,

And ease my heart with one little song,
For none will be nigh to hear;
And it's O my love, my love,
And it's O my dear, my dear,
It's of her that I'll sing till the wild woods ring,
For none will be nigh to hear."

"That is very beautiful. Eleanore, I will never lose faith in you. I have nothing to offer you but my heart and hands—will you be my wife?"

"You have my consent. I know that you have lost nearly everything, but I will be perfectly willing to assist you, if necessary, by teaching."

Ernest and Eleanore then adjourned to the library, where they found Mr. Chase deeply engaged in reading. Mr. Chase, for several weeks, spent a good deal of time in his library. He was absorbed in a scientific study—the art of obtaining light and fuel from water. He firmly believed that some day the problem would be solved and reduced to a practical basis, and that we would go to the well for our light and fuel.

Mr. Chase looked somewhat surprised when Ernest and Eleanore entered his study and interrupted his scientific investigations, particularly when Ernest remarked:

"Mr. Chase I have come to ask your consent to make Eleanore my wife."

Mr. Chase regarded Ernest for a moment from above his eye-glasses, and said:

"Mr. Hirsch, I have no objection to make, excepting the fact that your mind has once been upset, and I should deplore a return of the symptom."

Ernest did not expect that a past misfortune would prove a Nemesis. Had he not sufficiently atoned for his misfortune? And did he not fully appreciate the value of mind?

"You may appear to be justified in your objection," said Ernest; "but I know why my mind became upset, and not being anxious to experience a return of the symptom, I resolved upon doing my duty."

On his return home the world did not possess the same fascination for him as on the occasion of his last visit. He could not help recalling the past. Once more he beheld, with his mind's eye, a pretty face, which, five years ago, had fascinated him. He was then only twenty-six, but had formed for the young lady an ardent attachment.

Naturally of a social and generous nature,

he had, on one unfortunate day, in company of genial companions, taken more wine than he was accustomed to, and, in a condition unfit to call on a lady—especially one for whom he had shown every evidence of love and respect—called, proposed, and, as a natural consequence, was rejected.

Then followed a course of regret, remorse and despair, terminating in a two months' confinement at an insane asylum.

The first two weeks were a complete blank. When his reason began to dawn, Ernest imagined that he had been transported to the far north. Looking out of the window, he could see nothing but the white snow and heavily snow-laden trees. He imagined that he was located near the north pole, and that the patients in the ward to which he was assigned seemed to be corpses, whom the evil one had resurrected and brought to life by instilling into them his spirit.

One morning one of the patients asked him: "What were you doing in my room last night?"

This question seemed to Ernest the proper one, coming, as he supposed, from a subject

of the father of lies, and while continuing to labor under this hallucination, he concluded that the proper thing for him to do would be to refrain altogether from speaking the truth, so that, with a week's practice, he felt himself the peer of the prince of falsehood.

In memory he again lived through this most trying ordeal. All the absurd sayings and grotesque actions of the various patients presented themselves vividly to his imagination. The attendants appeared to be a higher grade of demons, and to Ernest's notion it seemed that they possessed the power of converting themselves into thunderbolts, and with the velocity of electricity transporting themselves with a flash into any city on the face of the earth.

Hearing one of the attendants speaking about going to the city, Ernest begged him to take him along, as the novelty of being transported through the air in the form of lightning would possess the charm of an entirely new experience, and would prove preferable to being incarcerated in a bleak and dismal polar dungeon.

One evening, shortly after retiring, in im-

agination the evil one appeared to him in the form of a monstrous black-winged apparition, saying:

"I am the genius of the earth. Worship me and I will unload the treasures of the earth at thy feet."

Then he heard the voice of the "Genius of Love" sweetly whispering:

"Pay no attention to him, Ernest; there is a Power greater and stronger than that vile wretch."

Then the evil one, in a demoniac laugh, continued: "Ha! ha! here we have a victim of faith; we will test his strength."

Presently the bedstead began shaking, and seemed to be surrounded with demons of a lower grade who began snoring in a most hideous manner, one of them audibly hissing: "The sting of sin is death," which was repeated by the other demons, whose voices became fainter and fainter, until the sound was finally lost in a deathlike stillness.

He now heard a clicking sound, which seemed to come from the farther end of the hall outside. At each sound it seemed as if a million fine needles had been sent through his head, penetrating the brain.

When this subsided, a strange and peculiar odor filled the cell, reminding him of a combination of hot burned earth and sulphur, and at every breath that he took his nostrils and lungs became scorched and parched from the intense and indescribably offensive heat.

This was followed by the most mysterious and strange sounds on the walls, as if caused by monstrous wings being swept over them.

Now began a combat of swords which seemed to be raging in the hall—how he finally lost consciousness, and, awakening, found himself surrounded by the physician and several attendants; how the doctor informed him that he had passed a restless night, and at one time supposed him dead.

And now began a struggle between intellect and emotion—God and nature. The weaker, as a natural consequence, must go under.

Finally Ernest was declared *in mens sana in corpore sana;* but he left the National University, as he preferred to call the hospital, with a conviction that heaven, earth and hell were not so distantly separated.

EL NAHUAL.*

Ah me, that I have dared to strive
With fates that bore me to this one sure bliss!
Thou couldst not rob me, O lost love, of this!
—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

IN Tepetitlan, a small village, about seven "leguas" (ten miles) from San Juan de los Llanos, there is a weather-beaten and deserted cottage. The inhabitants avoid the place as

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*The real definition of the word "Nahual," as understood by the Mexican Indians, remains to this day a mystery. Riva Palacio, the most noted Mexican author, in his work entitled "Monja y Martyr, Virgin y Mujer Casada" (Nun and Martyr, Maid and Wife), gives the following explanation: "The Nahual is supposed to be an Indian divinity—at times good and bad—which the Indians, although converted to christianity for several centuries, still worship. All the different tribes, however widely separated and differing in minor essentials of creed, are unanimous on this one word, ascribing to it the same meaning." Palacio continues: "The Nahual, when appealed to, becomes an aid to revengeful, vindictive persons in accomplishing their hateful designs. His double nature of good and bad is believed to be a justifiable reason, for the just as well as the unjust, for worshiping him. In appearance he is supposed to resemble a vampire—a myth in whose existence some of our greatest geniuses had a firm belief."—*A Mexican Indian Story by Don Frederico Primer.*

much as possible. They say the house is haunted, and a tragedy is supposed to have occurred there. In vain I endeavored, for a long time, to get at the secret of the story; but one day, having met with an accident while hunting, and being conveyed to the hacienda, in charge of a young Indian girl of fifteen summers, and after repeated solicitations, I succeeded in obtaining the following story from this lovable child of nature:

It was midnight and very dark. A death-like silence pervaded everything. Even the large palm-leaf and shrubs and flowers which encompassed the cottages seemed spell-bound in their motionless aspect.

Presently a faint rustling noise was heard, which seemed to emanate from a thicket which concealed a dried creek, when suddenly a dark and slender figure appeared, like a tiger in search of prey, which, after nearing one of the cottages, concealed itself behind a tree. Soon after, a second figure appeared, which pursued the same course. This was soon followed by a third.

"Francisco!

"Hush! Come here!

"Has he come?

"Not yet.

The three young Indians spoke so softly that the most acute ear could not have overheard them.

"So you will not believe that it is the 'Nahual?'"

"I am here to be convinced."

"It seemed to me last night as if I had seen a pair of white hands underneath his bat-wings, but it seemed as if his step were too firm. When a child I remember seeing one, but was so overpowered with fright that I sank exhausted to the earth."

"Have you spoken to Caridad, Francisco?"

"Yes, and she became pale and silent."

"Since when does he go to her cottage?"

"That I don't know. I saw him last night accidentally on my return from the lagoon, where I had been hunting the 'grullas' (crane)."

"And you suspected?"

"Indeed, but—hush, I hear something!"

Presently a faint and perceptible step was heard. After a few moments a terrible figure appeared within a few feet of the three con-

cealed Indians. Slowly a pair of dragon-like wings unfolded from his shoulders, causing a fluttering sound. Above the wings a vulture-like head protruded, and two large blood-red eyes cast wild and furtive glances in all directions. The body was enveloped in a black, curly, fur-like covering, and the feet tapered into ponderous claws.

The apparition approached, stopping at each second step. The motion of his wings became more audible. He disappeared around the little dwelling, and returning went to the window, opened it, entered and disappeared within the interior of the hut.

"It certainly was the Nahual," exclaimed one of the three Indian lads, trembling. "I wanted to speak but could not, as my tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth."

"But I don't believe it," said Francisco.

"There; I have again just seen the white hands."

"I also saw them," said the third.

"Then we will wait till he comes out, and fire at him," said Francisco.

They waited silently for some time. Finally Francisco said: "It is useless to wait any longer, let us go."

The three young Indians started to go, and occasionally cast timid backward glances in spite of their determined efforts to master themselves. They could not prevent their limbs from trembling nor their lips from twitching. Again deep silence pervaded the whole neighborhood.

* * *

"*Buenos dias, madrecita!*"

"*Buenos dias, padrecito!*"

"How did you sleep last night?" he asked.

"Very bad, very bad, Sebastian; the Nahual."

"By all the saints! what is all this talk about the Nahual?" The poor old Indian gazed in astonishment at the poor, pale-faced woman whom he met on his way through the woods, as she implored him not to speak the name on unconsecrated ground, but to proceed to the chapel.

They entered the old church, and after piously crossing and sprinkling themselves with holy water, the old Indian woman continued:

"Yes, Sebastian, it is terrible. For eight consecutive nights the Nahual has appeared

at my house. As I lie praying and sleepless I suddenly see a huge dark shadow—hear a loud rustling—the window opens and he enters silently, and glidingly looks at me with his blood-red glowing eyes until the blood freezes in my veins, and then he vanishes into my daughter's chamber."

"Your daughter, madrecita?"

"Yes, Sebastian, my poor Caridad. The horrid vampire sucks her blood. Daily she becomes paler. Oh!" A flood of tears choked the voice of the poor old woman.

"And does Caridad know anything about it?" asked Sebastian.

"Nothing. She has never seen him, although she is so feeble and ill. Oh! holy mother, don't let her die. Guard and protect us from the Nahual!"

The woman knelt, and Sebastian stood mournfully bowing beside her. After a pause, Sebastian asked her:

"Madrecita, have you done everything to keep him away?"

"Everything, everything, Sebastian. I had the priest consecrate the house, sprinkle the windows every evening with the tears of Saint

Christobal.* Night before last I placed the large ivory crucifix at the window, but it was upset, making a terrific noise, as the Nahual entered, and now he is broken, the dear, loving Savior."

Again tears channeled down the cheeks of the poor old woman.

"That is sad," replied Sebastian. "As long as I can remember, nothing has ever been heard of him in our village. Your daughter is such a good girl, who could have sent the specter?"

"I don't know," she replied.

"Ave Maria Sanctissima!" was all that Sebastian ventured to say.

Calmly and mournfully these two old people viewed the painfully realistic representation of the saints. At last Sebastian broke silence by remarking:

"There goes your daughter. See how pale she is! Let us follow her."

Caridad led them to a sugar plantation, through which they arrived at a mountainous

*In every Indian village can be found statues of saints, made of porous stones, from whose eyes tears are supposed to flow every morning. It is believed that these tears are an infallible talisman against all sorts of evil spirits.

country with deep ravines. Before descending she hastily glanced in every direction.

It was Sunday morning. All nature seemed to sleep, wrapped in the delicious dream so peculiar to the tropics.

After arriving at the summit of the next hill, Caridad again listened; but deep silence pervaded everything as she entered a "cedar grove." She now placed her hand to her mouth and produced a long-drawn sound, resembling the cry of a falcon. This was soon answered by a similar sound, followed by a rustling noise proceeding from the bushes, from which a young Mexican came, clad in silver-embroidered garments, who, with outstretched arms, approached her.

"My dear Caridad, ever faithful and true," he said, drawing her gently to his bosom, "why—what is the matter, my angel; thou seemeth so distracted? Look at me, Caridad, and don't stare so at vacancy. Thou knowest that it pains me whenever I see thee looking sad. But, let us not remain in this vale; let us ascend the mountain, to yonder ancient trees under which Montezuma reposed. There let us view the snow-capped mountain peaks

shining brilliantly in the sunlight above the enveloping clouds.

"Caridad, sweet child, why art thou so silent? Art thou angry with me? Speak to me," he said, gently stroking her long black tresses.

"Don Antonio, you must remain away from me," she replied, shaking her head.

It is the custom among the Indians to make a distinction between "thou" and "you." A white person addresses them "thou" and they address the whites "you." Under no circumstances do they place themselves on an equality with the whites, although they entertain for them the most intense love, sacrifice their lives for them, and endure the most painful hardships. No other nation presents a similar parallel. Generous and impulsive, the young Indian girl intoxicates her lover with her ravishing charms, overwhelms him with her love like a well-laden tree whose superabundant ripe fruit falls to the earth and gratuitously supplies the wayfaring wanderer.

The young foreigner started in amazement at the remarks of the girl. His cheeks flushed as he, in a trembling voice, asked: "Am I discovered?"

"Not yet. Nobody knows that it is you who comes to me in the guise of the Nahual, but you were probably not sufficiently discreet. Indians are very revengeful, you know, and —you must not come again."

"I know what thou referest to, Caridad. I am aware that there are many of thy people who love thee. I know, also, that I am hopelessly lost if I have been discovered. But thou sweet child, my dear girl, I will not desert thee. Wilt thou fly with me, Caridad, far away to my country?"

"I can not, Don Antonio; mother would die of hunger," she replied.

"Oh, if that is all, you may rest assured that I will provide for her in such a manner that she will never know want. Now art thou willing, sweet Caridad?"

Again she refused, and said:

"What could a poor, brown-faced Indian girl do in an enlightened foreign country, among the beautiful white women? They would laugh at me; you would be ashamed of me and finally desert me. No, no, I will remain here."

Silently the young Indian girl gazed at the

enchanting view before her. The distant mountain peaks, the cedar grove, whence a delicious perfume emanated, the slender palm trees and the luscious bananas, reaching the earth with their abundant fruit, millions of oranges and lemons greeted the eye. Beyond were large fields of rice and sugar-cane, and still beyond, in silent grandeur, as if lost in limitless space, the two volcanos Popocatepetl and Iztacchihuatl were dimly visible until the view was finally lost in the vast azure sky.

What was the meaning of the sad expression with which this young Indian maiden viewed the landscape? Was she conscious that the beautiful scene did not belong to her—that for many years it had been in the possession of avaricious foreigners, and that she and her brothers and sisters were compelled to serve them as slaves?

Her reverie was interrupted by the embraces and kisses of Antonio.

"Caridad, I will not desert thee," he said, ardently.

"Hark!" she whispered.

"It is only the wind, my angel," he replied, holding her hands firmly in his.

She tore herself from him, begged him not to follow her, and ran away from him. Antonio was puzzled, and could not surmise why she left so hastily. With the same acute sense of hearing with which an Indian is enabled to discern from a distance the creeping of a snake over dried leaves, she discovered the sound of footsteps softly approaching. She saw and heard a young Indian long before he was perceptible to Antonio or whom she was fully able to identify. Antonio endeavored to hear what they were talking about, but in vain. Not a syllable could he understand, and the suspense became painful. He wondered if the Indian came accidentally or through motives of jealousy. He knew that if he was discovered he was lost.

After awhile the two Indians disappeared. Antonio waited a long time, but Caridad did not return.

* * *

Antoine Guerriere, or rather Antonio Guerrero, as he had been called since living in Mexico, was a Frenchman by birth, and had been living in Mexico about four years, occupying the position of manager in a manta*

*A pale linen with which the natives wrap themselves.

factory. He conducted the business in such a manner that his employers gave him such promotion and advancement that he might have been in good circumstances.

The first two years Antonio lived most of the time in the factory. His craving for accustomed recreations he mastered by close application to business until he met the young Indian girl, when he again became possessed with an indescribable longing. He employed mostly villagers, among whom was Caridad, whose clear, black, loving eyes fascinated him at first sight and caused him involuntarily to shiver.

For some time he had been endeavoring to speak to her secretly, and finally succeeded one day in meeting her in the Cedar Grove, when she informed him that she would willingly die for him.* She advised him to call and see her in the guise of the Nahual, as there would then be no objections made under those circumstances.

The following Monday morning, after having called on her, he presented a pale and

*The Indian maidens never speak the word "love," as they hold it in such deep veneration.

haggard expression, caused by passing a sleepless night in thinking about her.

In this mood he went through the factory. First in the department where only the males were working. He was greeted by all hands, but he only gave attention to the tables where the friends of Caridad were employed. He suspected that they knew the reason why he was looking so depressed, and had some misgivings as to the meaning of their black, glowing, revengeful eyes.

Leaving them, he went through the department where the females were employed and where Caridad was stationed nearest the door. To-day he could not muster sufficient courage to look at her—felt as if all the Indian maidens were looking at him—poor Antonio!

At last their eyes met, but in hers was depicted a picture of despair. With hesitating steps he sauntered away from her until, arriving at the farther end of the room, he reached two sewing-machines which were unused. He now glanced back at her, expecting to get a token, but her eyes remained directed to the floor. This so enraged him that he became possessed with an intense feel-

ing of revenge against her and her tribe. He now began to realize the dangerous path he had been pursuing. Caridad lost—four years of his life thrown away, and become a subject of ridicule and derision—and wherefore? But recalling one look, it bècame clear to him why his namesake gave the world for Cleopatra. He now again became calm and contented, and left the premises. But his restlessness returned as the day passed without bringing him any sign or tidings of Caridad. He felt himself oppressed with a weighty feeling of fear. A horrible foreboding haunted him. He became possessed with the idea that some dreadful monster was pursuing him and casting a shadow on everything that surrounded him.

The energy and push with which, for the past four years, he had managed his business became considerably enfeebled. He would now frequently take his rifle, go to the Cedar Grove, but did not see the game flying over his head or running past him. In vain the rabbits brushed by him as he made no effort to shoot, leaving his rifle suspended from his shoulder. He continued reclining on the

rock, and recalled the incidents of yesterday, every word that Caridad had spoken, and remembering her passionate glances he rushed frantically to the factory in the hope of seeing her again, but in vain.

Toward six o'clock, the hour when the factory hands were wending their way homeward, he became delirious with anxiety. He sat at the window of his office and watched his employes passing. The men saluted him by taking off their hats, and the women greeted him with a faint "*buenos noches.*" Caridad was the only one that did not seem to see him, as she was just then conversing very intently with another Indian girl.

It was now dark, and Antonio still lingered at the window without arriving at any definite conclusion. It was only when the mosquitoes surrounded him in great swarms that he got up and closed the window. Thought after thought, in rapid succession, bewildered his brain, so that he began trembling with fear at himself. He was about to rush for the open air, when a clicking sound at the window attracted his attention. He opened the window with trembling hand, when a white object

flew into the room. He picked it up and lit the lamp. It was a message, wrapped about a stone, containing three words: "Huza V. Caridad" (Fly, Antonio Caridad). He hastened to the window, and imprudently called her name, but received no answer. Silence and darkness only greeted him. Belshazzar's handwriting on the wall, "Mene, mene, Tekel, Upharsin," had no greater terror for him than the three words had for Antonio. He repeatedly read them. To be reminded of danger without a clue as to avoiding it is purely an Indian method of dealing. Thus his career in Mexico would soon come to an end. Resting his head in one hand, and crushing the bit of paper with the other, he became lost in reverie. He recalled his happy home in France; his parents, brothers and sisters, and the many pleasant recollections of by-gone days presented themselves vividly to his imagination. He reviewed his journey from France to Mexico, and his arrival at his new home, the many difficulties which he conquered, terminating in his love for the Indian girl, wild and deep like many poisonous tropical plants, which intoxicate and kill.

The young dreamer now began to realize that this was a question of life or death. Rising from his seat, he brought his clenched fist forcibly on the table, exclaiming: "Certainly, if they seek my life, I will show them at what price it shall be sacrificed." He threw his *serape* over his shoulder, placed his pistol in his pocket, and left the factory. It was one of those peculiar dark Mexican nights; the dim outlines of the palm trees appeared like distant specters, the occasional faint gleam of a star resembling the will-o'-the-wisp, and the mysterious sounds of darkness awed him.

In his present mood Antonio saw in every tree a phantom. At one time he felt certain of seeing an Indian with fiery-glowing eyes, but all proved to be mere illusion. Presently he again noticed what he supposed to be another optical illusion, but which, in reality, proved to be a real figure. Antonio seized his pistol, but a faint "p'st" changed his resolve.

The figure advanced. It was Caridad. He pressed her to his bosom and passionately kissed her. "Caridad, my angel, I knew that I would meet you again."

"Hush, for pity sake!" she exclaimed,

reminding him of his dangerous surroundings. "Follow me and I will lead you to a place where you will be secure."

They started on their journey through a very narrow and dangerous road. The girl took his hand and safely led him over the most dangerous places, tenderly regarding him. At the end of an hour they arrived at a small lake, surrounded by large rocks. These were the remnants of what had once been an immense volcano. They entered a grotto, in which the splashing of the waves was faintly heard, and the screeching of the hawk resounded in the distance. Neither ventured to say a word, as they seemed afraid to speak. Finally Caridad said:

"You must fly this night."

"You have written to me, dearest, and this uncertainty perplexes me. What did you mean?"

"Yesterday you saw Francisco enter the grove."

"I did not recognize him. Did he see me?"

"He saw you."

Again there was a lull. Antonio now realized that there was no use recalling the past,

and that he was to be forever separated from his loved one. His fate was doomed. He now looked to the future.

"Is there no hope?" he asked.

"To-night there is still hope, but to-morrow it will be too late. I will not leave you until you are perfectly secure. No harm will happen to you on our journey, because the others know that they would be obliged to kill me first, and they would not do that. If their hate for you is great, greater" * * * * She did not finish the sentence.

"Greater is their love for thee, thou intended saying. I can't blame them for wanting to get rid of me. And now listen to my last request: Wilt thou fly with me, Caridad?"

"No, Don Antonio," she firmly replied.

"Very well, then I will also remain, happen what may."

Presently he felt a pair of slender arms gently surrounding him, and the imprint of a long-drawn Emma Abbott kiss on his parched lips. It was the first, and he also knew that it would be the last. At last Caridad said:

"You have expressed to me a longing for your parents, and brothers and sisters. You

must return to them, but I can not go with you. You may not understand it, but it is nevertheless true. We Indians are riveted to our soil like the *agavanza*, which only thrives in Mexico. I would die a hundred deaths on the journey from longing and pain and shame, while here I would only die once—a rapid and certain death. I beseech you, Antonio, to return to your own country. This is my earnest and last wish. If you can promise me that you will sometimes remember that here, so far away, there still beats for you a faithful heart, I will feel fully rewarded."

The youth wanted to make a reply, but could find no words with which to express himself. The walls of the grotto echoed his sighs. Finally he said:

"Say not so, say not so. Caridad, thou wilt break my heart. Oh, misery! thou wilt not come with me, nor realize that away from thee I will die a thousand deaths."

She gently placed her hands in his, and said, with a mournful smile:

"Don Antonio, the Nahual always demands a sacrifice, and if we complain too bitterly he will demand a second. Let us content our-

selves if this, our separation, proves to be his full demand. It is now time for you to go. This way leads through a mountainous country to a railroad depot. I will accompany you there. You must not return to the factory, for the door-keeper is not to be trusted. Perhaps—if after many years you find no other Caridad and return here—come, let us go."

* * * * * * *

The following morning at six o'clock the workmen assembled at the factory. But to-day the bell was not rung, and no smoke emanated from the chimney. The door-keeper was at the entrance. "*El amo no esta aqui*" (the master is not here), he said, in a loud voice, then whispered to Francisco, his colleague, that Antonio had disappeared and had not ventured to return to the factory the preceding evening.

"Caridad has permitted him to escape," growled Francisco, gnashing his teeth. "Possibly," he continued, "he is still secreted in the mountains. We will most assuredly discover our Nahual."

After consulting with a party of Indians they separated, taking different routes.

"Where in the world is Caridad?" inquired the door-keeper."

"I will soon find out," answered Francisco, hastening from the premises.

* * * * * * * *

An hour later the bell was mournfully tolling at the little chapel. A funeral cortege was nearing the village. No one had heard of any one dying. "Who can it be?" was asked by many of the inhabitants, who were hurrying to the chapel. The little building was too small to seat them all; outside there was a large crowd.

"Who is it?" some of them asked.

"Can you not find out?"

"Ask those in front."

Presently an old Indian was observed approaching.

"Make room for Sebastian," said many voices.

The old man forced his way through the crowd into the interior of the chapel. There, lying upon a bier adorned with flowers, orange blossoms and palm leaves, he recognized Caridad. Her beautiful olive-colored face impressed one as being asleep by the natural

and sweet smiling expression of her mouth. The poison had rapidly done its work without effacing in the least her last emotion.

Sebastian lingered long, in a bewildered and perplexed state, viewing the remains without arriving at any surmise as to the cause of her sudden death. Presently he observed a poor old Indian woman approaching him, who finally threw herself into his arms, and in a shrill and plaintive voice, exclaimed:

"Oh! Sebastian! Sebastian! the Nahual has killed her."

MILK DIET.

WHEN Ernest Hirsch arrived at the village drug store, he entered the corner rendezvous to provide himself with some cigars with which to solace himself in his agitated frame of mind. As he entered, he recognized three of his friends, who were standing in front of the soda fountain — Theodore Snap, Prof. Jacob Abel, and Alfred Marquette. At the sight of his cousin Alfred just then, Ernest, whose nerves had been strained to their utmost, became bewildered as the thought flashed across his memory that, only for Alfred, he would never again have gone through the fiery ordeal, and, losing consciousness, Ernest swooned and fell heavily on the floor. Alfred, as soon as he had seen Ernest fall, hastened to his relief, and by placing him flat upon his back, and calling to the druggist to fetch him a preparation in which spirits of ammonia was the principal ingredient, poured it down Ernest's throat, and thus revived him, in a few minutes, to a state of consciousness.

As soon as Ernest had sufficiently recovered, Alfred accompanied him to his home. Alfred had not the remotest idea of the inward struggle that Ernest was experiencing, and on their way Alfred kept up a continual discourse on the topic of base-ball, on which subject Ernest was not in the least familiar. He advised Ernest not to worry unnecessarily over his losses, and to take a great deal of rest for several weeks, and prescribed as a diet a bowl of milk three times a day, and advised him to take as much sleep as possible.

Ernest thanked Alfred for exhibiting such an interest in his welfare, and assured him that he only needed a little rest, that he had been keeping late hours for the past week, but promised to abstain for awhile, and follow Alfred's prescription regarding the milk diet.

How many cases of insanity might easily be avoided if physicians would only make it a more thorough study, and, instead of prescribing chloral and ether, thereby often causing hopeless cases of insanity, they would recommend Alfred Marquette's simple remedy of milk and sleep!

The thought that pained Ernest most was

that his intellect had been challenged. He knew that it was an impossibility to lose something that we never possessed, and that we often don't fully appreciate our friends until after we have lost them.

Ernest was deserving of some consideration for indulging in a little pride for recovering what he had lost, and which he therefore valued very highly.

During his whole life Ernest had been pure and chaste. The early teachings of his mother, who was a model of Christian virtues and womanhood, had made an indelible impression upon him. He was, nevertheless, not unfamiliar with the ways of the world—knew the ultimate results of the different paths of life that are pursued through choice or inclination, or force of circumstances. Remembering that they had a debating club, it occurred to him that, as the stability of his mind had been doubted, it would be an appropriate place for him to read a paper on the subject of "Insanity, its cause and the abuse of its treatment."

Although an ardent admirer of Victor Hugo, Ernest Hirsch could not approve of the great

French poet's endeavor to justify prostitution.

How many battles have been fought where more strength and courage was required than all the renowned warriors of the earth ever dreamed of by legions of unknown, unsung and uncrowned heroes—without whom life would either be intolerable or utterly impossible!

ORATORIO OF THE CREATION.

THEODORE SNAP, Alfred Marquette and Prof. Jacob Abel were warm friends. They knew that they each possessed an ardent affection for Miss Rosamond Cain. This circumstance, instead of creating a feeling of jealousy among them, only tended to rivet their friendship more firmly.

Alfred Marquette determined to lead a more useful life, and, through Mr. Hezekiah Clay's influence, succeeded in obtaining a situation in the same queensware establishment in which Mr. Clay was employed.

Prof. Jacob Abel read the glowing accounts in the papers regarding Theodore Snap's success as a pleader at the bar of justice, and concluded that he would also make an attempt to gain distinction. He finally decided upon giving a lecture and concert at Crosby's Opera-house, in Chicago, secured the hall for the evening of May 3d, and made every preparation to make at least the musical part of the programme a success.

The affair was judiciously advertised, and as it was for the benefit of the orphan asylum, and many philanthropic people had interested themselves in selling tickets, it is not surprising that the hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and many were disappointed in not being enabled to even find standing room.

The first part of the programme consisted of a lecture which was entitled, "The Mission of Music." The following is an extract:

"To form an idea of the universality of music, it is only necessary to consider that, were we to bring together a number of people from all parts of the earth, no two speaking the same language, but who have been taught to read music and perform on the different musical instruments, give them a composition to perform which none of them has ever seen, and which is copied from the original manuscript, which has not been translated into their various languages, they will converse together intelligently and produce harmony.

"There is not an emotion or thought that a human being is capable of conceiving that can not be, or has not been, expressed in music. Sorrow would never be mistaken for

joy, and so on throughout the various pairs of opposites.

"During the rebellion, at the meeting of a British and an American man-of-war, on the former the band began playing 'Dixie;' afterward Uncle Sam's band struck up 'The Wearing of the Green.' Not a word was spoken, but there was no mistaking the thoughts that actuated the performance.

"Here the conversation ceased, but it would have been in good taste for the British band to have continued with 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and there is not the slightest doubt but that the American band would have responded with 'God Save the Queen.'

"Again, in the early spring of 1863, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills of Spottsylvania, two bands chanced, one evening, at the same hour, to begin to discourse sweet music on either bank of the river. A large crowd of soldiers of both armies gathered to hear the music, the friendly pickets not interfering, and soon the bands began to answer each other. First, the band on the northern bank would play 'Star-Spangled

Banner,' 'Hail Columbia,' or some other national air, and at its conclusion the 'boys in blue' would cheer most lustily. And then the boys on the southern bank would respond with 'Dixie' or 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' or some other southern melody, and the 'boys in gray' would attest approbation with the old Confederate yell. But presently one of the bands struck up, in sweet and plaintive notes, which were wafted across the beautiful Rappahannock, and were caught up at once by the other band and swelled into a grand anthem, which touched every heart, 'Home, Sweet Home!' At the conclusion of this piece there went up a simultaneous shout from both sides of the river; cheer followed cheer, and those hills, which had so recently resounded with hostile guns, echoed and re-echoed the glad acclaim. A chord had been struck, responsive to which the hearts of enemies—enemies then—could beat in unison, and on both sides of the river.

"Music is essentially a creative art. Cannons are very good auxiliaries for producing musical effects, but, as instruments of destruction, ought to be regarded as relics of barbarism."

Pausing a moment, Prof. Jacob Abel took his handkerchief and wiped the beads of perspiration from his florid bald head, and, glancing at his audience, he recognized Mr. Alexander Wildwood, who occupied a seat in the front row. This caused the professor to smile faintly, then, in a firm voice, he continued:

"The ancient Chinese rulers had a high appreciation of music. They had the art taught in order that the straightforward shall yet be mild, the gentle dignified, the strong not tyrannical, and the impetuous not arrogant.

"Many regard music as an effeminate art. Nothing can be further removed from the truth. Music is not only a very manly, but the only essentially masculine, art. All our great composers are men. All other arts number among them women who are great. Is it because they have not had equal opportunities?

"Can you imagine anything more pitiable than an expert but illiterate musician, or anything more deplorable than an intellectual giant, or literary person, entirely devoid of all sense and appreciation for art?"

Again Prof. Jacob Abel paused long enough to meet the perplexed look of Alexander Wildwood.

"Music has also been defined as the handmaid of religion.

"If to teach man to regard woman as the most lovable of God's creations, and to unite with poetry, as defined by Goldsmith, in his 'Deserted Village'—

> 'And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
> Still first to fly where sensual joys invade—
> Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
> To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame.'

If to unite with poetry and become one—the union of music and poetry—poetry crushed to the earth, calling with her womanly and plaintive voice, answered by music coming to meet her, and extending to her his hand to lift her up; if by this 'handmaid' is understood to be meant, it is in perfect accord with the principles of music; but, under no circumstances, was music ever intended to be used as a means to bring men and women at the feet of any spiritual despot.

"If I had a choice in the matter, but were compelled to choose one of two things, I

would prefer to kneel to a real, true woman, in preference to a man in woman's disguise."

Dr. Holland, in one of his satires, ridicules the idea of a woman singing bass. I remember often in passing a church while they were singing—congregational singing—that invariably an involuntary shudder overcame me. For a long time I did not know to what cause to attribute the effect. Finally it dawned upon me that the people within the church were singing in unison, and, as a matter of course, the basses were singing soprano. I then could not but help thinking that it was about as ridiculous for a bass to attempt to sing soprano as it was for a woman to sing bass.

Music is the universal teacher and interpreter of love. The composer Carl Maria von Weber defined music as love itself.

Emerson never realized how "astonished and overpowered" Bach must have been when he composed the Passion music.

The history of Catholics and Protestants killing one another and set to music by a Jew—Meyerbeer's "Huguenots"—appears laughable compared with Mendelssohn's reviving

Bach's Passion music after a century of oblivion.

The question is asked: "What right have musicians to trespass upon the territory of law and theology?" Trespass, indeed! I have in mind a member of the legal profession who had an organist—a deserving man with a family—removed from his situation in order to make room for him, the non-trespassing lawyer, who, after playing a year gratis, resigned, and gave as his reason the unique statement that during the year his gratuitous organ performance had not procured for him a single client. The aim of music is to bring peace and good will on earth. Why do our military commanders trespass upon the territory of music with bugle-calls to give their commands? Why don't they exercise their heroic lungs and yell with all their might, and at least make an attempt, independent of music, to make themselves heard and understood? Was it in good taste for a minister, at a public gathering in a public hall, to push aside his organist—who performed well enough to accompany a large chorus—in order to give him the exquisite gratification of accompany-

ing a soprano solo? By what right came a minister to essay writing a book on the subject of music and morals?

All things considered, is it unreasonable to assert that the ultimate destiny of music is to unite all the inhabitants of the earth into one common brotherhood?"

Part II. consisted of selections from Haydn's oratorio of The Creation, beginning with the chorus, "The Heavens are Telling."

Prof. Jacob Abel had planned to give a practical illustration of the theories that he advocated. By dint of diligent application and perseverance he succeeded in bringing together a chorus which, from a purely cosmopolitan point of view, had never been equaled. Nearly all the different nationalities of the earth were represented — English French, German, Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedes, Swiss, Scotch, Irish, Hebrews, Chinese, Negroes, Esquimaux and Zuñi Indians, Arabs, Persians, Turks, Siamese and native-born Chicagoese.

Every member of this unique chorus sang in his or her native tongue, producing a variety of verbal effects without marring the harmony.

The affair was a complete success, musically and financially. They realized over two thousand dollars for the orphan fund, and from that day Prof. Jacob Abel's reputation was established.

A NEW MINISTER.

DOMINE DINKSKIRCHEN entertained for some time a secret longing for fame. For years he lived in hopes of legitimately accomplishing his purpose, but finding that the task was a hopeless one, he conceived the plan of becoming associated with a scandal, and thus suddenly attaining his much-coveted prize. In this respect he was eminently successful. He had been gently but firmly requested to resign his position at Hazeldel, which he did with commendable grace, and then started out on a lecturing tour.

To form an idea of the ovation that was given him in one of the Eastern cities, we copy the following from a Boston paper:

"Domine Dinkskirchen talked to about eight thousand people at Mechanics' Hall on Sunday night. His talk was addressed to barbers, to whom he sent postal-cards, inviting them to be present. 'I don't know,' said the domine, 'whether Adam shaved, but from the earliest records we learn that men used the razor and trimmed their beards. There is a

certain charm about antiquity, and you must feel that your art has ennobled you because of its antiquity. In olden times barbers wore swords, and were the confidants of kings. It is a good thing to feel that there is such a thing as royalty in one's business. Every generous impulse of the barber ought to be stirred to know that his profession extends so far back in history. The Bible speaks often of it, but never once to its discredit. I found in the Bible where the Lord once likened himself to a barber: In the same day shall the Lord shave with razors.' The speaker then gave the barbers some good advice. He told of his experience in scraping his face with a razor, and exhibited the strop which he used on that occasion. After expatiating upon this at some length, he said:

"'I know no better use to make of it than to give it to the reporters, who have said so many bad things about me. I will give it to them, and they can put it in the papers, too.' He struck an attitude, and, with a dramatic gesture, cast the strop at the reporters. The strop hit one of them on the ear, and then fell off the table. The thousands in the assembly

fairly howled themselves hoarse with delight, and rose up in their seats to see what the reporters would do. The stamping of feet, clapping of hands and whistling did not cease for fully five minutes. One of the women adorning a seat in the front row clapped her hands, and said, in a hoarse whisper, 'He served you just right, you horrid things. I only wish that it had been a razor he flung at you.'

"After the benediction, Domine Dinkskirchen explained that what he did was prompted by one of the flashes of humor which sometimes stropped through his brain, and he meant it only as a joke."

The Rev. Elijah MacMillan was installed as pastor in the little church at Hazeldel made vacant by Domine Dinkskirchen.

For his first sermon Mr. MacMillan selected for his subject the first verse of the thirteenth chapter 1st Corinthians: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

In appearance the Rev. Elijah MacMillan did not suggest a worldly man, or one racked with any vain ambition for temporal advance-

ment. He gave one the impression of being sincere in all that he said or did, and seemed to be blessed, as a reward for his devotion to his calling, with the sublime peace that passeth understanding.

During the sermon, Mr. MacMillan narrated an experience that he had several years ago while at Paris.

Desiring to go into a disreputable section of the suburbs, where no religious services had been held, because the people would not allow them, Mr. MacMillan went there one Sunday morning. The small room was crowded, but from the beginning disturbances of cat-calls and the noise of shuffling feet came from the audience. During the singing every one sang in a key of his own, and when Mr. MacMillan began to read the Bible a great part of the crowd, headed by a burly ruffian, left the room. The ruffian, on reaching the door, turned and said: "We want no religion here, and more, we will not have it. You can't carry on your meetings, and if you come again we will break up your meeting and kill you."

A few days later Mr. MacMillan had a

children's gathering, and at its close they said to him:

"Monsieur is at the café across the street. He will kill you. Oh, Mr. MacMillan," they pleaded, "go out by the side door, and do not let him see you."

Mr. MacMillan had with him his little boy, and, taking the lad by the hand, left the room by the front door. Going across to the café, he entered, and found the ruffian sitting at the table.

"You threatened to kill me," said Mr. MacMillan.

"Yes."

"I am here to be killed."

The man was startled, and did not know what to reply. He repented of his threat when Mr. MacMillan said:

"My revenge is different from yours; it is that of peace. Go, my son, and get on that man's lap; throw your arms about his neck and kiss him."

The lad did so. The ruffian burst into tears, and exclaimed:

"Mr. MacMillan, you have conquered me. You shall come back and hold your meetings."

At present the station in that quarter is one of the mission's greatest success.

Mr. MacMillan became particularly eloquent when speaking of the christian virtue of forgiveness. He deplored the fact that there were men in the ministry who subjected themselves to the greatest appeal to one's charity; "but, after all," said he, "they are only human."

Speaking of love that had its origin in selfish and worldly desires, and the utter inability of any human law to fully overpower and conquer it—law that could only create fear, but was of itself helpless in reaching the inward source of evil—Mr. MacMillan was of the opinion that love must be met by love—that only a sublime and greater love could overpower and master a lesser one.

He spoke very touchingly of a little tribute to love that his sister Minerva had rendered to one of her pupils. The preceding summer, while at Marquette, in the upper peninsula of Michigan, Miss MacMillan visited the grave of Father Marquette. Remembering that she had a young lady pupil who was of his faith, Miss MacMillan plucked an immortelle from

the grave of Father Marquette, and, arriving at home, she presented it to her pupil.

This was only a very little, though beautiful, souvenir, but no amount of gold would have been as much appreciated; and Miss MacMillan felt amply rewarded for her thoughtfulness and consideration when she learned that this little act of kindness had caused her pupil to love her more than any one on earth.

SUNRISE.

ERNEST HIRSCH arrived at the conclusion that grieving over misfortunes was a useless waste of time. He was aware that there was no business for which he was better qualified than railroading. He wrote to the president of the road of which he was formerly himself president, applied for a situation in one of the departments, and received an answer with an offer for a situation that would pay him fifteen hundred dollars a year. This he accepted, and made every preparation for leaving Hazeldel the following week.

Looking out of the window, he saw his cousin Alfred coming across the lawn. Alfred had demonstrated one fact, *i. e.*, that it is possible for man to entertain a feeling of brotherly love and sympathy for a fellow man without degenerating into mere insipid sentimentality or emasculated pity.

Alfred's face beamed with joy as he handed Ernest a letter from Miss Eleanore Chase. The contents were to this effect:

DEAR ERNEST: Can not you call before leaving for the East? I would like ever so much to see you once more.

 ELEANORE.

Would Ernest have been justified in permitting pride to conquer his love? The world would have applauded his conduct if he had utterly ignored love's call. Under the circumstances, he had no other choice than to go.

With Alfred, who accompanied him, the drive of four miles seemed scarcely more than a mile. Arriving at Mr. Chase's, they found Eleanore and Mrs. Chase at home. Mr. Chase had gone to the city on business.

Mrs. Chase regretted to learn that Ernest had determined to leave their midst, and while Mr. Marquette entertained her in the drawing-room with his unique flow of wit and humor, Ernest and Eleanore adjourned to the greenhouse. Here the first plant that attracted Ernest's attention was the digitalis which he had obtained at Paul Beauchamp's and had sent to Miss Chase.

Who will deny that every plant expresses some idea? Man prides himself upon his botanical learning. When a dumb brute accidentally partakes of some poisonous plant, its natural instinct will direct it to an antidote, which nature has always supplied in close proximity.

Miss Eleanore arranged a daintily-assorted button-hole bouquet, and, presenting it to Ernest, suggested that they take a stroll to the adjoining woodland.

Arriving there, they rested themselves on a fallen tree which had recently been struck by lightning, and which made an excellent substitute for rustic chairs.

Miss Eleanore now expressed a wish that she would prefer to live in the city; living in the country became very monotonous to her at times, and she could not see what pleasure or satisfaction it could afford to those who had lived in large cities most of their lives.

Ernest did not agree with her. He fancied that Shakespeare saw more beauties in nature and solitude, and that to him even trees spoke a language. He drew her attention to a scene in the "Tempest" where Ferdinand is described bringing a log for the fire. Miranda meets him and gently requests him to put it down and rest himself, and that she feared that when the log burned it would weep for having wearied him.

Presently Eleanore discovered a beautiful little red spider on Ernest's coat-sleeve.

"This," she said, "is a sign that it will bring you good luck." But Ernest entertained no superstitious ideas, and gave it no further thought.

Eleanore now directed Ernest's attention to the root of the tree where the lightning had struck—the scorched charcoal circular scar that the bolt had produced, and the clear, white splinters which had not yet become tanned from exposure.

A short distance from this tree they found another which had also been struck by lightning, and going a short distance farther, they saw a third tree which had become completely withered. Sauntering a little farther, they came to a tree at which Ernest paused as if riveted by a superhuman force.

Here was also a lightning-struck tree. The bolt had excavated the tree near the roots for about eight feet, making a hollow semicircle, which was lined with a charcoal crust. It was a beautiful large tree, and the far-extending branches were green with leaves, casting a delightful shade for fully twenty feet in circumference.

Ernest drew Eleanore's attention to this

remarkable freak in nature, and, making a comparison, expressed himself as feeling related to this tree—felt as if he were a brother to the proud beech—as, metaphorically, it represented a complete counterpart of himself.

"Eleanore," he continued, "I love to hear God's voice speaking to us in thunder-tones; I love to see His face reflected in flashes of lightning. 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' I have a poor opinion of love that is born of fear. If we experience fear through apprehension of wounding or causing pain, I believe that we are pardonable."

"Ernest, dear, I wanted to see you again before you went away, and assure you that I will never marry any one but you. You know papa objects because of your former affliction; otherwise he thinks the world and all of you; and mamma's objection because of your poverty will not change my love for you."

"Eleanore," replied Ernest, "you know that all I have to offer you is myself. This I have given you. We both worship the same Creator. I believe that He guides all things. We may have different methods of acknowl-

ing and worshiping Him; but I have often thought that the proudest monarch, in His eyes, is no better than the humblest slave. Why He permits so many things which we abhor to exist is not for us to question. I can not quite agree with Emerson, that we are not responsible for what we do; but this much is clear to me: we can not prevent existing conditions. We are continually harassed with a choice of two things—must, as it were, continually run the gauntlet of innumerable conflicting pairs of opposites; but it remains with us to choose, and if we make mistakes, as we are all liable to, and can only learn through experience, we, in the end, have no one to blame but ourselves."

"Very true. Now, Ernest, do try and be as cheerful as you can. I have faith in prayer, and we must not lose hope."

"My angel, there is no amount of work that I would find too difficult to do for you."

Eleanore, her right hand resting on Ernest's left shoulder, and her left arm encircling his waist, looking, for all the world, like an ivy clinging to an oak, continued:

"You know that father has gone to the city

to make arrangements for taking mother and me to the Yosemite Valley, California. He has been wanting to go there for some time. Oh, did you see the beautiful sunrise this morning? To me it was a promise that we will yet be happy, and that, whatever happens, God's will will be done."

"Eleanore, I have recently thought that some day we would have a 'sunrise' which would be universal in opening the eyes of all nations, and bringing them to a realization of the truth—have them see God revealed in nature—the earth transformed into heaven by each inhabitant cheerfully accepting his destined duty and performing it; when work will become honorable, and not be regarded with contempt; when woman will be promoted to a perfect equality with man; when the dreams and hopes of our poets, and the possibilities of what can be made of this earth, will be realized."

"My dear Ernest, you excel Plato in his wildest dream of a republic."

RETROSPECT.

The latest Gospel in this world is, know thy work and do it. "Know thyself;" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to know it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual; know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

ALFRED MARQUETTE was in an unusually happy frame of mind. For the past two weeks he had devoted most of his time in entertaining Ernest, and now felt more than repaid, and rejoiced to see Ernest himself again. For days Ernest's mind seemed preoccupied, and his frigid taciturnity gave Alfred no little concern. Contemplating Ernest's face, beaming with intelligence and hope, Alfred exclaimed: "Well, old boy, I am mighty glad to see you looking so well again."

"My dear Alfred, you have been a real brother to me. You have neglected your queensware business for nearly two weeks, and, with your cheerful conversation and companionship, have prevented me from grieving and—"

"Don't mention it," interrupted Alfred; "take my advice and let the two words 'looking back' be obsolete from your vocabulary, and remember that in the battle of life sensitiveness does not pay."

"Very true; but what is all history but a looking back? If we read it with a view of improving the future, or even the present, it is of incalculable value. Did it ever occur to you that of all our faculties 'memory' is the one which we least control? I have in mind a drive that we took about a week ago. I shall never forget the various impressions that I experienced from the time that we left here until we returned. At one time, after we had passed about nine toll-gates, it seemed to me that we had entered another world; the trees and clouds and the songs of the birds seemed so entirely different from anything that I had ever seen or heard. You appeared to me as a 'spirit' for whom I had long longed, and were conducting me home—a home where 'mammon worship' does not exist, and where pride, envy, avarice, jealousy, anger, revenge, impatience, indolence, falsehood, doubt, vanity, regret, despair, calumny, suspicion, self-

commiseration, superstition, remorse, bigotry, malice, tyranny, sensuality, gluttony, theft, drunkenness and murder are unknown terms. We had nearly returned before I fully realized that it was only an 'illusion perdue,' and yet it seemed so real."

"You will have to let up on that kind of business; do you hear my gentle voice?" said Alfred, becoming animated. "Drop this thing of dreaming, and go to work and be doing, and when you get to work again at your trade give philosophy and poetry a rest, especially poetry."

"Why not ask of me to cease breathing and thinking altogether?"

"For the simple reason that whenever any one has attempted to live without breathing he has invariably not made a success of it; and as for thinking—well, now, a little practical common sense is a good and useful thing."

"Precisely; but what is a person to do who is afflicted with an uncommon amount of sense—or imagination?"

"Bottle it; bridle it as you would a fiery and untamed steed; govern it as you would the shrieking, panting, thundering locomo-

tive; for, rest assured of one thing, 'you must either ride it or it will ride you.'"

"Well, you are a stern matter-of-fact individual. It is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. You ought to thank your stars for not being afflicted with a superabundance of sensitiveness."

"I assure you that I am not entirely void of feeling. But when a man grieves and mourns inordinately over an irrecoverable past, he is apt to become morbid. I never dreamed that there was so much joy to be derived from work. Since I have gone to work—and fortunately I have found employment suited to my taste—it is something to transform common clay into such artistic designs—I feel as though I had a better right to exist than when I led an aimless, useless, worthless life, and rather than return to it I would prefer to join the 'knights of the shovel and the spade.' I feel confident that you will be another man when you again earn the bread that you eat."

"I fully agree with you. There is nothing that I love more than work. I grieved foolishly about a remark that Miss Aircastle, the young lady from Mississippi, made about me.

This was about a month ago, at the debating club. Miss Rosamond drew her attention to me, when she remarked: 'Why, he looks like an ordinary workingman!' I felt highly complimented for the resemblance, but grieved at the idea of any one regarding work and a workingman with a feeling of mingled pity and contempt."

"Why, the silly goose! She has n't enough sense to keep out of the rain. She is one of those useless butterflies of society, and only fit to be a plaything, instead of a companion," said Alfred.

"But here again we differ," replied Ernest, "for the simple reason of regarding the same object from a different point of view. Had this young lady been properly educated, and acquired the elements of a true woman, she would have known better. I am firmly rooted in the belief that every human being possesses two attributes—Divine and human. If you will carefully look into this theory, or rather fact, you will find it exemplified in all conditions. I believe that there is no human being, be he ever so vile and low in the scale of humanity, but possesses at least some spark of the Di-

vine principle. It may, apparently, lie concealed and dormant, but it is nevertheless there."

"Then you will not agree with me, that the silly goose who despises work and the workingman is only fit to be a mere toy and plaything?"

"By no means. As I have said, the misfortune lies simply in the manner that she has been brought up. Imagine Rosamond Cain, or Eleanore Chase, or Virginia Beauchamp, or Mrs. Hezekiah Clay, making such a remark. Why, it would simply be an impossibility."

"Well, I still insist that the silly goose who despises work and workingmen does n't deserve the amount of breath that we have wasted in discussing her. Let her R. I. P.—rest in peace."

"And I still insist that the fault lies in the manner that she has been bred."

"Now, don't consider me entirely devoid of feeling. I am conscious of the fact that a great deal of joy, mingled with merriment, can be derived from being charitable. I remember doing a poor colored boot-black a good turn, a few weeks ago. I was sitting in

front of the Tremont House, conversing with a few friends, when a colored boy, who appeared to be about twelve years of age, accosted me with the familiar, 'Black a boots?' I asked him his charges. He replied, 'Five cents,' when I told him to fire away. While he was absorbed in producing an extra polish, I casually requested my friends to watch the boy when I paid him. 'Be sure you don't give him too much,' whispered one of my friends. 'I 'll take the chances,' said I.

"When the boy had finished, I carelessly threw a five-dollar gold piece into his hands. It was amusing to see the comical expression of his face, and the ludicrous manner in which he handled the money, turning it over and over, and glancing at it in perplexity. Finally he looked up from his kneeling position, and, as he handed the gold piece to me, remarked:

"'Mister, this is a fiver.'

"I then gave him my hand, and assisted him to rise upon his feet, called him brother, advised him to continue in his honesty, and, instead of five cents, I gave him a dollar, whereupon my two friends also contributed a dollar."

"Alfred, you are a jewel," exclaimed Ernest, who appeared moved with this simple recital. "After all," he continued, "there are a great many beautiful features in this world of ours, if we only open our eyes to see them."

"Now, don't become poetical," said Alfred. "Remember that business is business, and ham and eggs is sixty cents. Make no mistake—don't go off meandering with George Eliot, to Freshitt Hall, in her 'Middlemarch.' Know that we must all obey the 'law,' whether we like it or not; and make up your mind to either be a man, a monk, a monkey, or a mouse."

"Oh, you admirable, practical man of the world!"

"And you exquisite, ethereal blatherskite. You will find, before you get through with life, that it requires something more substantial than wind-pudding to satisfy the animal man."

"I am well aware of that fact; but you can not deny that we all have wants which can not be appeased by bread and beef and butter. I am as certain that the grave does not end all as I am that I live."

"And I am as certain that the grave does

end all as I am that I am speaking to you," said Alfred, and then continued: "My dear Ernest, has it ever occurred to you that a great deal of pleasure and recreation has always been, and ever will be, derived from 'deception?' Just think what a monotonous and prosaic life this would be if it were not for deception. Go to India and witness the astonishing feats of deception practiced by the magicians. Who that has ever seen Herrmann or Heller has not been surprised at their marvelous dexterity? Think of the artful huntsman who attracts his unsuspecting game with decoy ducks; and ponder at the meek and patient piscatorial enthusiast resorting to artificial flies. Visit the prosperous farmer, and learn from him the necessity of resorting to deception in order to frighten the ravenous crows, and thus be enabled to supply us with the staff of life. We are all aware of the merriment which was occasioned when our troops captured Manassas and discovered a number of black-painted wooden cannon. You speak of the sun rising and setting, when in truth it is Mother Earth's movements that create the deception. You imagine that the

sun and moon are about a foot or two in diameter, and are deceived by a square tower appearing round in the distance. Did you ever attempt to guess the height of a silk hat by marking its distance from the floor? or place a cork on a wine-bottle, resting on a table, and, after taking three or four steps distant, point your finger at it, take accurate aim, then approach without lowering or raising your hand, and see if you will hit it? Have you ever fallen on the ice and seen stars? or pressed your eye-ball and seen colors that are not real? Listen to what philosophers teach us: 'A man says he sees a tree. The philosopher knows that he does not. He sees a certain form and color, which observation and experience, both unconscious, have taught him represent a tree. Consciousness is on the side of the understanding.' Take a straight stick and plunge it half-way into the water, and it will appear crooked. 'All our pure visual sensations are nothing more than signs, like words, with their groups of associated images. Experience alone acquaints us with their meanings; in other words, experience alone associates with each of them the image of the tactile and muscular sensations corresponding to it.'

"Think of the amusing aural deceptions. I believe there is a case on record where a solitary drummer-boy has been the means of winning a battle. The report of a pistol, gun or cannon always appears to come from the opposite direction from which it is fired. You hear an enchanting voice proceeding from an adjoining room or through a telephone; you imagine that the possessor can be none other than a beautiful young woman, and then learn to your chagrin that it was only a young boy, who unconsciously created the deception. Think of the comical deceptions practiced by ventriloquists. Think of the deceptions created by drugs, quinine, opium or alcohol. 'In our present state the situations we attribute to our sensations are always false; that which is situated at the spot in which we place them is their usual cause or condition. Sometimes the organ in which the primary nervous disturbance of which they are the result is affected, sometimes the external object which excites the nervous disturbance. This cause or condition may be absent, as its presence is usual only; in any case, whether present or absent, the localizing judgment is an illusion,

since we invariably situate the situation where it is not. Usually, this judgment is practically effective through the provisions it suggests and which direct our conduct; in itself it is nothing more than an illusion, which is generally useful, a fundamental error which nature and experience have constructed within us and established in us perpetually, to act as a preservative of our life, and an organ for our action.' What is illusion but another name for deception? Indeed, we would have a dreary life of it were it not for deception. A million blessings upon Mother Eve for teaching credulous Adam the charm of deception. You complain of our fashionable ladies not being sufficiently clad. A man who has not sufficient force of character to soar above foolishness deserves to go under and be kept well under. Was Rebecca justified in deceiving her blind husband and defrauding her eldest son from his father's blessing? 'We see how difficult it is to make meaning explicit by a brief announcement. Interpretation, as applied to laws, contracts, testaments, as well as to writing generally, consists in determining what things the writer excludes as opposites

to, and looked at as agreements with, the things named. It is thus everywhere in cognition. A simple impression is tantamount to no impression at all. Quality in the last resort implies relation, although in logic the two are distinguished.' Think of the prolonged feast of deception the Nominalists and Realists enjoyed in their endeavors to have words usurp the place of ideas until Abelard finally built a bridge for them and led them within the realm of reason. You believe that what is to be will be. Tell me, am I free or am I subject to inevitable necessity? If free, then how are all my actions controlled and predetermined by a Divine Providence? Every idea, conception and representation has a double face. Two persons in New York conclude to go to San Francisco. One goes by steamer via Isthmus of Panama, the other takes a train and travels across the continent. The first may be overtaken by an earthquake, the other delayed by a blizzard or cyclone. 'There is no limit to the modes of knowing the world when we superadd the sphere of art to the more narrowly defined sphere of science. An original genius makes us see what has

always been before our eyes. The truth is, that having a thing before the eyes is not seeing, far less knowing. The name of genius, be he Homer or Shakespeare, supplies the foil, the complement that raises the thing to knowledge. The happy comparison—by classification, analogy, or simile—and the pointed contrasts are the agents that vivify the mind with references to what formerly lay unheeded before the open eyes.' What is faith but sanctified imagination or deception? Deception in art? You would have been amused if you had seen one of our domestics the other day deceived by a painted toad on the oaken floor. It was laughable to see the bewildered servant, how she rushed for a broom and endeavored to sweep the horrid toad out of the room, and nearly fainted from fright when she discovered that it was only an imitation—a mere deception. Think of a woman feigning grief; she wrings her hands and pathetically moans, 'O my God, how wretched I am.' You become moved, and approach her with words of sympathy and compassion. She then bursts out laughing, and kindly informs you that she was only in fun. Think of the comical de-

ceptions practiced by twin brothers or twin sisters. Could Shakespeare have ever written the greatest of comedies, the Comedy of Errors, if it were not for deception? What is language but the art of concealing our thoughts? What is metaphysics but deception elevated to a science?

"My dear Alfred, I have often wished that all our sciences were as free from sophistry as are mathematics and natural philosophy. The French have a law compelling druggists to label their medicines in the vernacular of their country. Have you ever fully conceived the grandeur of the word 'struggle?' 'Take a passive, contemplative, dreaming, indolent existence, as contrasted with the active pursuit of some outward and tangible object. The absence of aim leaves the mind a prey to its inward activity,' compared to which occupation at any honorable pursuit would be a delightful recreation. We need more men who fully realize the meaning of the word 'struggle.' To my liking, it is a more interesting word than 'deception.' We have 'accounts of persons born blind, who have been restored to sight, imagine that objects

touch their eyes, and walk about cautiously, keeping their hands raised before them for fear of being hurt; even the sun appears to touch their eyes. They can only learn the names of objects through touch,' feeling their way into a new life. Here is a struggle between *feeling* and *evidence*. You assume that 'faith is nothing but sanctified imagination.' You place your reliance on cognition and imagination. I have faith in what I have *felt*, and for me it is as sufficient an evidence as for the person born blind who has been restored to sight. Visit a deaf and dumb asylum—there learn how *feeling* is employed in teaching. See the teacher stationed at the black-board at the western wall, writing questions. Now look at the children, lining the northern, eastern and southern walls, which form a continuous black-board, writing answers to the questions of their teacher, their faces turned from her. Presently you become amused at what appears to you an absurdity, when you see the teacher stamping the floor two or three times, in order to attract the attention of the pupils. Are you not in a deaf and dumb asylum? Can these children

hear? No, but they can *feel* the jarring of the floor, which is a sufficient admonition.

"Now observe two bright and happy little girls kneeling in front of the teacher and reciting after her 'Our Father' in their pantomime dialect. I know how poets are regarded by many practical men of the world. I love to follow our earnest scientists in their dispassionate and digging researches, for they all travel toward one object, truth.

"Lucillius uttered a falsehood and by so doing saved the life of his friend Brutus, but sacrificed his own. This act is applauded by historians and sentimentalists, but it was nevertheless suicidal. Many are of the opinion that no man can be a poet, or even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind. Why has God chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and the weak things to confound the things that are mighty? 'Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool that he may be wise.' Is this the penalty of poetry and wisdom? Do we here find the mystery solved of the insanity of Byron, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Walter Scott

(who wrote the Bride of Lammermoor during a spell of mental aberration, and when handed a printed copy did not know that it was his own composition), Pascal, Cowper, Coleridge, Newton, Lamb, Southey, Percival, Schumann, Carlyle, Tasso, Lamartine, Goethe, Madam De Stael, George Sand, Loyola, Malebranche, Descartes, Pope, Shelley, Voltaire, Rousseau, Handel, Beethoven, Herder, Schoppenhauer, Poe, Villou, De Musset, Günther, Bürger, Hoffmann, Empedocles, Socrates, Plato, Chateaubriand, Saint Simon, Alfieri, Linnæus, Swift, Zimmermann, Richelieu, Auguste Compte, Donnizetti, Mozart, Lenan, Hölderlin, Kepler, Cuvier and De Quincey? I remember hearing a practical business man remark that he believed Shakespeare was crazy. I know that you will imagine that I am having a relapse when you learn that I have resolved to be a christian and do what I can toward obliterating from the earth the evil of insanity. As life exists we have a choice of one of three things: 'Matrimony, celibacy or prostitution.' Is it a crime to do right? Why does the world persecute men when they resolve to do

right? 'Struggle,' do you know the full meaning of the word? Do you know the power, and have you ever felt the tyranny, of the false god, Mammon? John Brown was considered a crank, but he had the courage of his convictions. I believe in a life beyond the grave where there is no divorce."

"Ernest, you astonish me. It is surprising what progress christianity is making in the United States. You know that there is no other God than nature."

"My dear Alfred, when you blush you experience heat and become red. Fire is hot and red. When life has left you, you become white and cold. Snow is white and cold. I regard nature as our mother. There is a life beyond the grave where our Father dwells, and where there is no divorce. The story is related of a celebrated art critic who engaged one of his artist friends to paint a portrait of his wife. This resulted in the artist and wife becoming enamored of each other. The critic, a keen observer of human nature, and possessed of magnanimous impulses, conceived the unique idea of performing a noble and heroic act. He consulted the unfortunate lovers separately,

and drew from them the confession of their mutual attachment. He quietly obtained a divorce, the parties were married, lived happily together, and occasionally received friendly visits from the self-sacrificing critic. It is one of the principles of Anarchists to abolish the marriage rite. They claim the privilege of living with woman in any relation they choose, regardless of the sanctity of church or state. Revolting as such doctrine appears to us, wherein does it differ from the actions of the magnanimous art critic, his wife or artist friend? A few months ago a marriage occurred at the Midas public show window, at which a Christian minister officiated. This performance was only equaled, if not excelled, by a marriage which recently occurred at a penitentiary in which a criminal, condemned to death, and an erroneously educated college girl were the contracting parties. I will never outlive my love and admiration for flowers. It has always pained me whenever I have witnessed flowers strewn on the floor to be stamped upon. I can not become reconciled to the thought that God created flowers for any such purpose. You expressed surprise

at the wonderful growth of Christianity in the United States. I feel very much interested in the growth of the negro population in the South. Perhaps one is as essential as the other in order to maintain an equilibrium and prevent the cautious, refined but unproductive conservatives from being overpowered by their colored brethren. I have often wondered why God has created so many heartless mammon-worshiping butterflies of society; but ought we be surprised? Who is to blame? Will we never learn from experience—God's method of teaching us—that until we make woman our equal in every respect, her position will not be bettered? It is my firm conviction that a woman who is good enough to be the mother of a man's son or daughter is good enough to be his wife. I am in favor of any plan that will improve the condition of woman and the workingman."

"I presume that you would even favor woman suffrage," laughingly remarked Alfred.

"*I certainly do favor woman suffrage*," said Ernest emphatically. "I have given the subject a great deal of thought, and am fully

convinced of the justice and wisdom of the movement becoming universal. Until this right is given to woman throughout the globe, she will never be any better, in most cases, than the mere dependent and slave of man."

"Nonsense," said Alfred. "Imagine a woman addressing a mob. What effect could she have?"

"Indeed!" replied Ernest. "I imagine a woman addressing an assembly of men, providing she has a voice of sufficient strength, and possesses the necessary education, being as effective as man. You place your fears upon the rowdy element. I place my reliance upon manly men. No man, who has any principles of true manhood in him, would tolerate seeing a woman prevented from addressing an assembly of men. As for the rowdy element, I have witnessed an example of their bravery. I have in mind one regiment, which was composed principally of the rowdy element, who, at the battle of Bull Run, ran like a lot of rats. Tenderfoot is too genteel a name for them."

"Woman is not fit to shoulder a musket, hold office, or govern."

"The time will come when we will enjoy implements of warfare which will not require more strength to manipulate than was required of the little child who blew up Hell-Gate. Think of what an ado the father of this little one (Brevet Major-General Newton, of the United States Engineers) might have made over the event. For instance, invited the President of the United States (U. S. Grant) to perform the act—considered it a royal compliment to his Excellency and suite of distinguished statesmen, senators and congressmen—had a big parade, headed by a brass band, and concluded the performance in the evening with sky-rockets. But, instead of all this display, General Newton quietly took his little girl in his arms (September 24, 1876, at 2:51 P. M.), and told her to touch a button. Her strength was sufficient. Or would you prefer to see woman throughout the universe become like the amazons of Dahomey?"

"The great difficulty," said Alfred, changing the subject, "with many of our workingmen, is their independence. I read an amusing account to-day, in the morning paper, of an independent wood-sawer and an independ-

ent carpenter-capitalist. The carpenter had saved enough money out of his week's wages to buy a load of wood. While at the market, he was solicited by a wood-sawer for the job of sawing it. His price was one dollar and twenty-five cents. The carpenter would only pay one dollar; and when the wood-sawer positively refused to work for any less money, the carpenter told him that he would saw the wood himself. Now, I wonder," added Alfred, laughingly, "if the wood-sawer had anything else for his supper that evening than his independence?"

"I take this view of it," replied Ernest: "If the wood-sawer was a single man, he acted nobly in refusing to be instrumental in preventing a married wood-sawer from supporting himself and family. Dr. Tanner has demonstrated the fact that a single man can live tolerably well for forty days without food."

"Why, Ernest, if your views were to become general, we would have very few marriages."

"The army of celibacy would probably be enforced," continued Ernest; "but the number of bastards, lunatics and harlots would be

considerably diminished. Who would not prefer to be a wolf, and roam the forest in the enjoyment of freedom, than be a petted dog, lying upon oriental rugs in a palace, or a married man staring starvation in the face? Don't look so apprehensive. There is no danger of my having a relapse. I am sufficiently convinced that there is a God, and that there is a life beyond the grave. You ask, 'Am I free? Then how are my actions controlled by Divine Providence?' I answer, Yes, you are free; you can have your own way, and pay the penalty. Christianity is not a snare and a delusion. I am fully convinced of that. When a man commits a crime, and is tried in a court of justice, and his acquittal depends upon his being either a Democrat or a Republican, he has received the benefit of natural law; we shake hands with him, and congratulate him upon his release. Is he free? There goes a handsome man; he made the acquaintance of a young lady, and ingratiated himself in her widowed mother's affections; won the affections of the young lady; they were engaged to be married. She was not aware that the elegant young gentleman had a wife

and several children. He obtains ten thousand dollars—all her earthly possessions—from the mother of this confiding young woman, speculates, and loses every dollar. Finally the mother and daughter learn, to their sorrow, the character of the individual who has so abused love. We have no human law to punish the wretch. It was a mere breach of trust! Is he free? When a man applies for work, and can only obtain it on condition of sacrificing his manhood, which he refuses to do, is he justified in maintaining his freedom, and paying the penalty of poverty? Is it right to say to your brother, 'Believe as I do, or be damned; vote as I do, or I'll boycott you?' I protest against any foreign power dictating to me how I shall vote.

"You would have preferred the negro to remain a slave. God willed it otherwise. It is only from the *past* that we can discern His methods of accomplishing His purpose and teaching us. Was not the negro better off as a slave than in his own barbarous country? Is there any probability that we will again return him to bondage? I look forward to a glorious future for the negro in the Congo State.

"Your artistic toad deception appears tame compared to a 'struggle' which I recently witnessed between a chicken and a sparrow for the possession of an apple-core. The chicken first discovered it and began to enjoy the feast. Presently a sparrow flew down and also attempted to appease its hunger. The ravenous chicken objected to the sparrow's intrusion, picked up the core and ran a short distance and then again began to enjoy the meal. The sparrow skipped over the ground and soon was again near the core. The chicken again picked up the core and ran a short distance, then dropping it, again began to peck. The sparrow again skipped over the ground, and while the chicken was in the act of looking skyward and munching a morsel, picked up the core and flew away with it. The chicken now looked down and prepared to take another peck—looked first to the right, then to the left, and then again skyward—made a comical *squawk* and slowly walked away with a step and look expressing as plainly as words can convey a feeling of Emersonian astonishment.

"You say woman should not be permitted

to vote. I say she has a right to choose our rulers, but I question the propriety of any woman occupying a pulpit."

"Religion was only intended for women and fools," said Alfred.

"Indeed;" replied Ernest, "you pride yourself upon your intellect; you imagine that you have penetrated the portals of *force*, and have entered among the higher intelligences and are now floating in that fierce light that beats about the throne. Then why, when your brother is thirsty and begs for a drink, do you give him a draught from the ocean or offer him a double distilled essence of corn juice? When he is hungry and asks for bread, why do you attempt to 'coerce' a whale down his throat and consider this the proper food for an undergraduate? You appear astonished at his refusing your food and drink, and meekly pray, 'Thy will be done.' You look surprised at his protesting against your intellectual cannibalism, and refusing both Scylla and Charybdis. Is it for this purpose that God has given us intellect? Are we justified in using it to enslave our brother or sister? You have misinterpreted my objection to

women not being sufficiently clad. When we consider the number of consumptives, and find that in the majority of cases the disease can be traced to contracting a cold, we are pardonable for endeavoring to guard against it. We have emancipated the negro. As certain as God exists, woman will be emancipated, and be regarded as the equal and companion of man."

"Ernest, what in the world has caused you to become so enthusiastic?"

"You may remember," replied Ernest, "the first sermon that the Rev. Elijah MacMillan delivered on charity and forgiveness. That same morning Miss Rosamond Cain sang 'Come unto Him,' from Handel's Oratorio of the Messiah. You had a good chorus. Prof. Jacob Abel seemed inspired with the soul of music, and during the collection you sang the beautiful solo from Mendelsohn's Elijah, 'If with all your hearts.' On my way to church I was in anything but a happy frame of mind; in fact, I had almost lost faith in everything. I shall never forget how I was impressed with Miss Rosamond's singing 'Come unto Him.' Here was an appeal for a rest which can not

be found this side of the grave. The music, to me, seemed heavenly. It was as if the voice of God, through Handel and Rosamond, who, at best, were but the instruments that he employed to make himself heard and felt, was addressing itself especially to me, and I experienced a bond of sympathy with humanity, which, until then, I never would have believed possible to exist. When Mr. MacMillan had finished his sermon, I was in a frame of mind to forgive and forget everything. And now came your beautiful solo. I was even more overpowered than with Miss Rosamond's singing. When we see a woman in tears it seems as natural as an April shower. But what surprises me most, is that you, with your peculiar views, don't seem to be conscious that you also, like Handel, Mendelsohn and Rosamond, are but a mere implement to express God's voice, and call men to do his will."

"So you are a candidate for christianity?" said Alfred, solemnly. "You have my best wishes."

SEPARATION.

ONE year passed since Ernest Hirsch returned to the East. During that time a little event took place at Hazeldel, which made a deep impression upon Alfred Marquette and Prof. Jacob Abel. It was just six months since Theodore Snap married Miss Rosamond Cain.

Although Alfred Marquette betrayed no outward sign of the inward disappointment and grief that he experienced, he, nevertheless, for the past three months, spent many nights in Chicago, where he became deeply interested in the fascinating game of billiards. He made the discovery, during this time, that he possessed extraordinary talent in this direction, and resolved upon becoming the champion billiard-player of the world.

Prof. Jacob Abel's disappointment resulted in the professor resigning his organ situation, giving up his class of violin pupils, and going to Washington Territory, where he established a sheep ranch. He came to the conclusion that a change of scenery would benefit his

health, and, adding the hope of realizing a handsome fortune in a few years, it is not surprising that he made his plans for his future course six months sooner than did Alfred Marquette.

Within a week after the wedding of Theodore Snap and Rosamond Cain, Prof. Jacob Abel was on his way to the far west, and a few weeks later he was pursuing the peaceful occupation of a shepherd. He took his violin with him, as his love for music had not entirely become extinct through his ambitious endeavors to hastily acquire wealth. He was very fortunate in obtaining good help, and enjoyed the novelty of this primitive pioneer existence for six months, and would undoubtedly have continued in this pursuit if it had not so happened that one evening, in looking over the Walla-Walla papers, he noticed the glowing accounts of the silver mines in Montana and Colorado, and concluded that he could more rapidly acquire a fortune by speculating in mining stocks. The following day Prof. Jacob Abel went to Walla-Walla, found a purchaser for his ranch, and within ten days he was in Denver, speculating in mining stocks. It only

required one month's experience in this new venture to relieve him of his hard-earned savings. Here he was a perfect stranger, and absolutely penniless. Something had to be done. After explaining his predicament to the proprietor of the hotel, the landlord, a generous heart, who had himself experienced many ups and downs in life, employed him as night clerk, in return for which he gave him board and lodging.

In this position Prof. Jacob Abel continued for about two months. It was not many days before all the regular guests of the hotel knew the exact amount of salary that the professor received; so whenever he would enter the dining-room, he was invaribly greeted by some of the guests with, "Here comes Prof. Abel to eat up his salary." Finally this became monotonous, when he succeeded in obtaining a situation as a "mixer." This term is synonymous with caterer, bar-tender, or beer-jerker. Here Prof. Jacob Abel was not compelled to eat up all his salary to merely exist, so that at the end of three months he had saved a little money, and, having met a gentleman from Cheyenne, for whom he per-

formed on the violin, was persuaded to accept an engagement to go to Cheyenne and perform at a series of concerts which the gentleman was managing.

The professor went to Cheyenne, played at one concert; did not like the surroundings—it was somewhat different from his conception of giving concerts. At all events, Prof. Jacob Abel sincerely regretted that he had ever left his innocent sheep ranch, and the following day was on his way to Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he had the good fortune of meeting an enthusiast on the subject of art—a man of means, who was really an excellent judge of music, through whose influence Prof. Jacob Abel procured an organ situation and a class of violin pupils.

Prof. Jacob Abel, by this time, had lost all desire of ever suddenly acquiring wealth, and felt contented in applying himself diligently to the stern duties of his profession, and becoming, as it were, in that new and prosperous country, a musical missionary.

Mr. Enoch Chase went to the Yosemite Valley, taking with him his wife and daughter. He never lost his innate love for his own

country, and entertained no hopes while in Europe of acquiring the position of a father-in-law to some worthless member of the nobility. Still, he remembered when viewing the grand and beautiful scenery in Switzerland, and comparing it with anything that he had ever seen at home, that he experienced a feeling of mingled pity and regret. From this feeling he was now completely disenchanted, and when later on he visited Yellowstone Park, the geysers and the transparent springs whose crystal walls reflected the varied hues of the rainbow, and which nature had wrought into the most beautiful and artistic filigree designs; and comparing our own scenery with that of foreign countries, Mr. Enoch Chase is excusable for indulging in a little pride for his native land by exclaiming to Mrs. Aramintha Chase:

"Mother, this beats the scenery of Switzerland all hollow!"

"Maybe so, maybe so, pa," replied Mrs. Aramintha Chase, "but the climate does not agree so well with Eleanore. I am afraid that Yellowstone Park is a little too cold; we must hasten to get to Los Angeles, where the cli-

mate is milder, and where the balmy eucalyptus and the fragrant orange blossoms will have a beneficial effect upon Eleanore and relieve her of her cough."

"Oh, ma, I wish you would not worry so much about my cough; I have only caught a little cold."

"Daughter, you have been coughing a great deal, and the sooner we get to the southern part of California the better," firmly replied Mrs. Aramintha Chase.

"Yes, Eleanore;" added Mr. Chase, "I believe mother is right. We will start for Los Angeles to-morrow."

A BIG BLAZE.

THE 7th of October, 1871, will long be remembered in the history of Chicago as being the anniversary of the burning of that city. Alexander Wildwood and Romeo Hopsing narrowly escaped with their lives. In the early part of the evening they were at the Tremont House playing billiards with Alfred Marquette and Hezekiah Clay.

Alexander Wildwood had some writing to do, and Romeo Hopsing became interested in Lamb's Dramatic Poets, so these two companions adjourned to their room, leaving Alfred Marquette and Hezekiah Clay, who continued playing billiards.

Alexander and Romeo had not been in their room many hours before they left it in a more precipitous manner than they would have believed possible. Alexander was so absorbed in writing, and Romeo was so interested in Lamb's Dramatic Poets, that neither realized the danger that they were in until the room became illumined with rapid flashes of light,

and hearing a roaring, rumbling sound, they realized that there was a big fire raging and that it was very near. Romeo hurried to the window and looking out, saw the corner building opposite in flames, and as far beyond as he could see seemed a perfect ocean of fire. He was not long in making up his mind what to do under the circumstances, nor did Alexander require more than a moment's view of the fierce, fiery fiend. They flew down stairs and in three minutes found themselves around the corner, but none too soon, for had they remained a minute longer, it would have been too late. As it was, they were compelled to run at a very lively rate, and were closely pursued by the raging current until they reached Michigan avenue. "Everybody for himself and the devil take the hindmost" seemed the order of the time. Romeo overtook a poor woman who was carrying an infant. She looked frantic with fear, and would not have had the strength to save her life and her child's also, so taking the youngster from her arms, Romeo requested her to follow him, which the poor woman gratefully did. When they arrived at Michigan avenue, Romeo re-

turned her child to her arms. She thanked him with a fervent,

"God bless yees, and may the good Lord reward yees!"

The following day relief poured in from all directions. It is only necessary for an occurrence like the Chicago fire to take place in order to feel the pulse of the world, and ascertain if it has a living heart. There is not a state in the Union, nor a single nation on the face of the earth that has not contributed to the relief and rebuilding of the beautiful city of the lake.

Theodore Snap had some difficulty in finding Alexander Wildwood and Romeo Hopsing. When at last they met in the park, he provided them with a basket of lunch, and requested them to accompany him home and remain awhile at his house. This generous invitation they accepted, and went with Theodore to Hazeldel, where they rested for several days and recuperated their somewhat shattered nervous systems.

One evening, after supper, when the whole family were congregated in the library, discussing the probable origin of the holocaust,

each one gave a different reason as being the real cause of the fire.

It was now the third day since the fire, and neither Alfred Marquette nor Hezekiah Clay had returned to Hazeldel. Every possible search was made, but in vain.

Mrs. Theodore Snap gave it as her opinion that the real cause of the fire was the laxity of morals for which Chicago enjoyed an unenviable notoriety, and, facing her husband, she continued: "Although I deeply sympathize with Mrs. Hezekiah Clay and Mother Marquette, I think it served the horrid men just right in being burned alive for neglecting their homes."

Had Mrs. Theodore Snap been present at the afflicted homes of Mrs. Hezekiah Clay and Mother Marquette, and heard their lamentations over their lost husband and son, she would have repented of her lack of charity.

The Hon. Mr. Esau Cain was of the opinion that the real cause of the calamity was owing to the fact that everybody had become possessed with an inordinate love for money, and stopped at nothing to gain their ends.

Alexander Wildwood then remembered the trick that Romeo had played on the unsuspecting cow—felt certain that the remark the Irish woman made was, "Shure enough, it's Missis O'Leary's cow," and that, although he had, on one occasion, informed Romeo that he would never set the world on fire, he took it back and humbly begged Romeo's pardon.

This produced general laughter, with the exception of Romeo, who falteringly remarked:

"If I had known what the results would have been of indulging in a little pleasantry with the mild and ruminating cow, I would have restrained myself, and would much prefer to have sacrificed my life, could I, by so doing, have saved the life of Alfred Marquette or Hezekiah Clay."

"You have a good heart," exclaimed Theodore, extending his hand to Romeo.

"And permit me to assure you, my dear Mr. Hopsing," added the Hon. Mrs. Esau Cain, "that I cast no blame on you."

REUNION.

MR. ENOCH CHASE arrived none too soon at Los Angeles. The sudden change of temperature at Yellowstone Park aggravated Miss Eleanore's cold and caused her to have a slight hemorrhage, which nearly frightened Mrs. Aramintha Chase out of all reason. Even Mr. Chase who, under all circumstances, never lost his presence of mind and self-possession, betrayed a little apprehension, and did not recover his former self-composure until they were three days in Los Angeles, and Eleanore had nearly recovered from her hacking cough. The one person whom this indisposition concerned the most evinced the least anxiety as to its probable result.

Miss Eleanore found herself placed in a peculiarly strange and intricate position. Her love and veneration for her father; Mr. Chase's idolatry for his daughter; his objection to Ernest Hirsch; Mrs. Aramintha Chase's preference for Albert Rosenbusch, whom Eleanore utterly detested; a choice between a father

and a husband—all this Eleanore fully realized. She, however, made a resolution and determined to abide by it. She would never prove herself disobedient to her father nor sacrifice his love for a million worlds. Eleanore possessed in an eminent degree the virtues of gentleness, purity, humility and benevolence, and now added to these self-denial, patience and contentment.

There was something indescribably beautiful in the love, veneration and faith that existed between Mr. Chase and his daughter, reminding one forcibly of Prospero and Miranda in Shakespeare's Tempest.

Mr. Chase held peculiar views regarding the duties of parents toward children. He determined to prove himself a father to his daughter under any and all circumstances. Should the world ever ignore his child, his home and heart and hands would always be open to her.

During one of their afternoon drives Mr. Chase startled his daughter by suddenly asking her:

"Eleanore, would you really like to marry Ernest Hirsch and leave your poor old father?"

"Papa, dear; why do you ask? you know that I would, but not without your consent."

"I have no objection, if you still love him."

"Then I will marry him and will not lose you by so doing."

It is surprising how rapidly from this day Eleanore recovered from her annoying cough. Six months later she had gained thirty pounds and presented a picture of robust health. Ernest Hirsch did not at first recognize Eleanore when he met her coming up Eucalyptus avenue. It was only when she burst out laughing that her voice fully assured him of what his eyes doubted.

"Oh, you laughing siren," exclaimed Ernest, as he embraced Eleanore and kissed her on her forehead, "I would not have known you, you are looking so well and rosy and strong."

"I was only laughing, Ernest, dear, at the thought of your coming this distance to see me when I expected to meet you in a few weeks at Hazeldel."

This frank confidence perplexed Ernest. Should he conceal from her the truth, that he

was sent to California on business for the company in which he was employed at New York? He therefore replied:

"You know, Eleanore, that I would go anywhere on the face of the earth to see you, and my meeting you now is purely accidental. I was sent here on business for my company and received a letter from Theodore Snap on the day of my departure informing me that you were here."

"Well, it is just as well," replied Eleanore, "let us go and see father and mother. I know they will be glad to see you."

Mr. Hirsch received a cordial welcome from Mr. Chase. Mrs. Aramintha Chase extended her hand in a semi-regretful manner—as though she were silently mourning the loss of Albert Rosenbusch—and, feigning surprise, she said:

"Why, Mr. Hirsch! I did not expect to meet you here."

"I am certain, madam," said Ernest, cordially grasping her hand, "that I am delighted with the unexpected pleasure."

FINALE.

FOUR months later Ernest and Eleanore were married at Hazeldel. They went directly to New York. Ernest rented a modest cottage in the suburbs, and Eleanore began housekeeping. As a wedding gift, his employers advanced his salary to two thousand dollars a year, which continued for five years. During this time Ernest had an opportunity of learning how to sympathize with the host of hard-working, honorable and self-denying men who, with a moderate income, assume the responsible duties of matrimony, bring up a family of children, and provide for their material and spiritual welfare.

At the end of five years the company raised Ernest's salary to three thousand dollars, so that, at the end of ten years, by being economical and cautiously investing in railroad stocks, Ernest accumulated enough money to buy a few acres of land on the Hudson river, where he built a comfortable house, which

his wife named "The Home of the Knickerbocker."

Here Ernest and Eleanore, with their two children, little Eleanore and Aramintha, who was named after her maternal grandmother, but whom little Eleanore euphemeously named Minnie, and Mr. and Mrs. Chase, continued to live peacefully and happily.

Mr. Chase lost his fortune experimenting how to obtain fuel and light from water, and Mrs. Chase for some time ceased mourning for her lost Albert Rosenbusch, who developed into a professional gambler, and was finally killed in a house of questionable character.

Eleanore proved herself an excellent housekeeper, and often surprised her husband with her skill in cooking. She continued in her love for music, and Ernest never fully appreciated the beauty of her voice until he heard her sing lullabies to little Eleanore, and later on, when she played the "Racket," to which his two little girls danced, and comparing it to the classical compositions, which his wife still delighted in playing, Beethoven's celebrated Moonlight Sonata now struck Ernest

as a very ordinary, doleful, dreary and insipid piece of music.

Theodore Snap continued to prosper, and attained one of the highest offices within the gift of the government.

Alexander Wildwood, the frigid, intellectual pessimist and woman-hater, became enamored with a Chicago Fantine, whom he married, and then went to France.

Romeo Hopsing went to Brazil, South America, where he bought a coffee plantation, and became immensely wealthy. He never married, and before he died willed his possessions to his indigent brother with a family of thirteen children.

Paul Beauchamp went to Silver Spring, Florida, where he engaged in the orange-growing business, and where he was enabled to indulge his love for flowers to his heart's content. During the first year little Amalie, at a children's party, had a fall, which developed into brain fever and ended her happy young life. This so preyed upon Mrs. Beauchamp that she became afflicted with consumption, and a few years later followed Amalie to her eternal rest. Paul, in his be-

reaved and solitary state, became deeply interested in the following article, which he happened to see in a southern paper:

INDIA'S MARBLE DREAM.

Here we are at the objective point of our journey, at Agra, the city of that fascinating dream in marble, the beautiful Taj Mahal, the peerless tomb erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan to show his lasting love and to provide an appropriate resting-place for the fair body of that wife whose graces of body and mind were far above the average of her sex. Little did he foresee that two hundred and fifty years after his death this monument to a pure, sweet woman would still remain the most beautiful piece of architecture in the world.

Passing through an arched entrance, we find ourselves in a large quadrangle, on one side of which is a superb, massive gateway of red sandstone, which forms the entrance to the Taj garden. The gateway is inlaid with ornaments and with inscriptions in marble, and is sufficiently stately and handsome to form a fitting tomb for any monarch. One of the beautiful inscriptions in front ends with an invitation to the pure in heart to enter this garden of paradise. Passing through this arched gateway, we get our first view of the Taj through a beautiful long avenue of fountains, marble pavements and tropical trees, fruits and flowers.

Down this avenue are two narrow lakes in line, separated by a wide marble terrace, and down which sparkle a long row of fountains, each with a single slender jet. On each side of these miniature lakes is a wide walk of white marble, bordered by rows of cypress trees and a luxuriant growth of tropical fruits and flowers. At the end of this

beautiful lane, on a high marble terrace, between four delicate and stately towers, rises a gleaming milk-white mass, surrounded by a majestic loftily-curving marble dome.

From the marble terrace, about half-way down the avenue, one first gets a full view of the entire building, and astonishment, combined with admiration, kept me there some time. The building was there, but I could not realize that such a structure was real—could be the work of human hands; but I did realize what is meant by an expression frequently applied to the Taj—"A peaceful dream in marble."

The Taj garden is a third of a mile in length by one-half that distance in breadth, its lower part having been built up straight from the bank of the Jumna river. At the river end, and on a level with the garden, is a rectangular court-yard, running down to the river wall for a distance of over three hundred and fifty feet, and flagged with red sandstone. Built up in the middle of this is a level terrace of white marble, raised between twenty-five and thirty feet above the level of the garden, and in the form of a perfect square, with an edge of over three hundred feet. Rising from each corner of this square is a stately white marble tower, having neat balconies at various heights, and a delicate open pavillion on the top.

The Taj, which is in the center of this terrace, takes up a space of one hundred and eighty-six feet square, with the four corners facing the towers, cut off so as to make four wide faces and four narrow corners. Crowning the middle of the flat roof is a snow-white dome, very high and of perfect proportions, from which springs a very long gilded spike, having a star and crescent at its end. Four smaller domes surround this large one, and marble pillars rise from each sharp edge, which project from the roof. Set in each

wide face is a large, deep, dome-shaped arch, elaborately carved, and containing over it inscriptions in inlaid black marble, Persian characters. On each side of these, and on each narrow face, are two smaller but similar deep arches, one above the other. All this outside is simple, but grand-looking. Passing through an open doorway, which was originally closed by two doors of solid silver, we enter the chamber of the dead sultana and her imperial lover, and are at once struck with its wonderful mass of decoration. The panels of the walls and all the columns are beautifully and delicately inlaid with mother-of-pearl, blood-stone, coral, jasper, turquoise, lapis-lazuli, and other handsome stones, shaped to represent leaves and flowers. The ornamentation is apportioned to all parts of the resting-place of the dead with such judgment as to make one perfect whole. In the middle of this apartment, directly under the main dome, is a many-sided high screen of most delicately perforated marble, with an upper molding of inlaid mosaics, similar to those on the walls and columns.

In the middle of the space inclosed by this screen is a marble sarcophagus, inlaid all over, and containing inscriptions to the effect that it is the last resting-place of "the exalted one of the palace," and that "God alone is powerful." To one side of this is the tomb of her lord and lover, which, because he was a man, is a little larger and higher. We are told that Shah Jehan intended to build himself a larger and more magnificent tomb directly across the river, and to connect the two by a marble bridge; but I very much doubt if he ever had any desire to be laid away from his one love. If so, it could only have been a matter of vanity, and a kind fate stepped in and decreed that he should sleep beside the wife whose virtues he had immortalized.

The marble of the Taj, the inlayings and carvings, and all the ornamentations, look as fresh and as new as though they had been put together but yesterday, and it seems likely that they will preserve their freshness for thousands of years to come. The material and color—to which I really believe the simple, ethereal beauty of the Taj is due—are just adapted to this peculiar climate, with its perfectly clear skies and hot, dry atmosphere. With bleak wintry skies or a different atmosphere, the entire place would undoubtedly lose much of its dreamy beauty.

Paul now conceived the idea of paying a tribute to the memory of his wife. He admired the love and devotion which Jehan entertained for the pure, sweet woman who had preceded him, but after all, thought Paul, marble and granite were lifeless substances to which he felt in no way related. He therefore constructed a miniature Taj Mahal from Florida pines, which he decorated with an endless variety of tropical plants and flowers. Paul lived for many years happily near the tomb of his loved ones. Were they not present and continuing their existence in the fragrant mignonette and lily of the valley? Did they not breathe the same ether which animated him? Would he not some day be again united with them in "Nirvana" as one?

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